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RETROSPECTIVE.

BY M. B.

I'm free from the city's noises now,
And the city cares that bound me;
I chase the shadows off my brow,
'Mid the rural scenes around me.

I see that panorama vast
That to these eyes is giving
The joyous scenes of that dead past
Still in my bosom living.

The friends of youth for whom I sigh,
The true and tender-hearted,
The happiness of days gone by,
The pleasures long departed:

Those happy times, to me how dear!
Well loved, yet lost for ever;
Those forms that I can fancy near,
Shall they return? Ah, never!

When golden sunbeams softly fall
In light on shrub and flower,
E'en then a storm to blight them all
May in the distance lower.

But still when evening's shadowy light
Steals round in gloom and sadness,
I feel a thrill of old delight,
Of youth's wild dream of gladness.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I AM ashamed to tell you the rest," she said, in a wailing tone. "It is a story that would disgrace the humblest beggar—think how it humiliates me, the sole daughter of one of the proudest houses in the land.

"No Studleigh ever failed for want of determination. The more and the greater the obstacles that rose in my lover's way, the more valiantly he overcame them.

"I am too ignorant even to explain how he arranged it—everything gives way to money, I suppose—the obstacles he encountered did it. I only know two things for certain—we were married, and our marriage was legal."

"It seems almost incredible," said Earle, "for one so highly placed, so constantly guarded as you must have been, Lady Hereford."

"It was difficult; but I will confess my own duplicity. I told my mother that I was going to spend two days with Lady Agnes, and I went accompanied by my maid.

"It was a very easy matter, on the morning of the second day, to escape from Lady Agnes, under some slight pretext, and meet Captain Studleigh. We were married in some old gray church by the river; and when I returned to Twickenham I did not even dare to tell my best friend. Yet I remember so well the almost delicious happiness—perhaps all the sweeter that it was kept so silent—the happiness of knowing that I had proved to my husband how dearly I loved him; the happiness of knowing how great were the sacrifices I made for him.

"Ah, surely he would be content now, when for his sake I made myself a living lie—I wore a mask that hid me from the parents who loved me—surely he would be satisfied now! I dare not tell Lady Delapain what I had done. Imprudent as she was, she would never have countenanced that.

"For some weeks we were happy. My whole life became one intrigue, arranging how to meet my husband, and how much time it was possible to spend with him without being found out. Security made me reckless.

"Whenever I met him I used to deceive my mother by telling her I had been with Lady Agnes. One evening, when we were going to some great state entertainment, I remained with him later than I should have done—time had flown so quickly I had not measured its flight—and I was late for dressing.

"The duchess was not well pleased, although she did not say much; but a few days afterward Lady Agnes called and wanted me to go out with her. My mother said 'Yes,' and added 'that I must be more careful, as I had been too late on Tuesday.'"

"But Lady Estelle was not with me on Tuesday," said Lady Agnes, quickly. And my mother looked at her in deepest wonder.

"Not with you!" she cried. "Where was she, then?"

I turned to my friend, and she alone saw the hot flush on my face.

"You forgot," I said.

Some inkling of the truth came to her, and she murmured confusedly that she had forgotten. The duchess looked perfectly satisfied; but when she had quitted the room, Lady Agnes said to me:

"Estelle, I do not quite understand: I never saw you Tuesday."

"I know that," was my curt reply.

"Then why did you tell your mother you had been with me?"

"Because I did not wish her to know where I had been," I replied.

She kissed me, and said:

"You have secrets even from me, then?"

And I answered:

"Yes."

She looked very unhappy.

"Estelle," she said, "I hope I have not been foolish, and aided you in folly?"

"But I would not listen to her—I only laughed. After that Lady Agnes became more cautious. I do not know whether she had any suspicion or not—she never expressed any to me.

"After that I found more difficulty in meeting my husband. Oh! wretched story! How I loathe the telling of it! He grew impatient and angry, while, as the days passed on, I shrank with greater dread from letting my parents know what I had done.

"Then jealousy, anger, quarrels, and impatience took the place of love. I can not tell you the history of that wretched time, I dare not.

"I had to find out then that a Studleigh could indulge in rage as well as love. It was not long before I learned many bitter lessons.

"At length one day we had a more than usually angry quarrel; and then my husband vowed that he would leave me. A regiment was ordered to India next week; he would exchange into it, and I should never see him again.

"In vain I wept, pleaded, prayed. He was in one of his terrible furies, and nothing could move him. Still, I never believed that he would do it.

"Had I even fancied so, I should have instantly, at any cost, have told my mother all; but I thought it merely a threat, a cruel and unmanly threat, but an empty one. I resolved that for some days I would not write to him.

"Oh, Earle Moray, can you imagine my distress when, one short week afterward, I heard it carelessly told that Captain Ulric Studleigh had taken a sudden whim, and had exchanged into another regiment, which had sailed for India that week, and would not in all probability return for years.

"The lady told the news laughingly, as though it were only a piece of amusing gossip. The comments made were of an indifferent character.

"Some said India was the best place for younger sons without fortune. Others said it was a thousand pities that there was no chance of the earldom of Lindeigh for the gay captain.

"No one looked at me; no one thought of me; yet I was the wife of the man they were all discussing. It was many minutes before my senses returned to me; then I found myself grasping the back of a chair to keep myself from falling. Unseen and unnoticed, I contrived to quit the room. Oh, heaven! when I recall the intolerable anguish of that hour, I wonder that I lived through it.

"I had trusted a Studleigh, and had met with the usual reward of those who place confidence in a perfidious race. I think that on the face of the earth there was none so truly desolate and lonely, so frightened, as I was during that time. Married in secret to a man whom my parents disliked, whom the world mentioned with a sneer—a man whose name was a proverb for light-heartedness, inconstancy—married and deserted!

"It would have been bad enough had he been here; it would have been a terrible ordeal even had he been by my side, to help me with love and sympathy; but now, alone, unaided—he himself thousands of miles away—what could I do?

"I did that which seemed easiest at the time—I kept silent. He had sailed away, saying nothing of the marriage, neither would I. I would take the just punishment of my folly, live single all my life, and keep my dreadful secret.

"There seemed to me no other plan. To tell the truth, I stood too much in awe of my father and mother to dare even to tell them.

"I dreaded their danger. I dreaded the cool, calm contempt in my mother's face. I dreaded the disappointment that would, I know, be my father's greatest grief. What else could I do but keep my sad secret all to myself?

"Yet I declare to you that the struggle in my own mind was so dreadful, the pain and sorrow so great, that I almost died of it. No one ever said anything to me about Captain Studleigh.

"Even those who seemed to fancy there had been a slight flirtation between us, considered his going away as a proof there was none. I saw that my parents were greatly relieved by his absence; and after a few weeks the shock began to get less.

"Lady Agnes asked me once if I were unhappy over him. I made some evasive reply. Then, after a time, I began to look my life in the face, to think that the evil done was not without remedy. I could bear the penance of my folly, if the secret of my ill-starred marriage could be kept."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"I COME now to a part of my story," resumed Lady Estelle, "that I would fain pass over in silence; but as it touches the matter that brought me here, I am obliged to tell you."

The fair, proud woman buried her face in her hands as she spoke, and Earle understood how terrible was the struggle between her need and her pride. When she raised her face again, it was ghastly white.

"Captain Studleigh had been gone four months," she gasped, "when I knew that the most terrible of all my trials had come to me—that I should be the mother of a child.

"For a long time—for days and weeks—I was in the most terrible despair. I often wondered," she said, amusingly, "how it was that the agony of my shame did not kill me—I can not understand it even now.

"I did think in those days of killing myself, but I was not brave enough—I lacked courage. Yet I do not think any one in the wide world ever suffered so greatly.

"There was I—sole daughter of that ancient house; flattered, beloved, courted, feted, the envy of all who knew me—with a secret bitter as death, black as sin. At last, when I found myself obliged to seek assistance, I went to Lady Agnes Delapain, and told her all.

"Her amazement and dread of the consequences were at first appalling to me. After the first expressions of surprise and regret, she said:

"So you were married to him—married to him all the time? I never suspected it."

"She was very kind to me—kinder, a thousand times, than I deserved. She did not reproach me; but when she had recovered, she said:

"Estelle, I feel that it is more than half my fault—I should never have allowed him to meet you here. I should not have dared if I had foreseen the end. I felt sorry, because you seemed to like each other; but I have done wrong."

I laid my hand on her shoulder.

"What am I to do?" I moaned.

"I see no help for it now, Estelle; however averse you may be, you must tell the duchess."

Then I clung to her, weeping and saying:

"I dare not—I would rather die."

"But, my dear Estelle," she interrupted, "you must—indeed, you must. I see no help for it."

I remember standing up with a white, haggard face and beating heart.

"If you will not help me, Agnes, I must tell her, but I shall do it in my own fashion. I shall write a letter to her, and kill myself before she receives it. I will never look my mother in the face again after she knows."

"Then what is to be done, Estelle?"

"Be my friend, as you have always been. You have had more experience than I have had; you know the world better than I know it. You are older than I am; help me, Agnes."

"You mean, help you to keep the secret of your marriage?" she asked.

"I do; and in asking you that, I ask for my life itself—the one depends upon the other."

Lady Agnes sat quite silent for some minutes, then she said:

"I will do it, Estelle. Perhaps, in making this promise, I am wrong, as I am in everything else; but I will help you for the sake of the love that was between us when we were happy young girls."

I had no words in which to thank her; it really seemed to me as though the burden of my trouble were for the time removed from me to her.

"How will it be?" I asked her.

"Give me time to think, Estelle; I must arrange it all in my own mind first. Do not come near me for three days."

"At the end of that time my mother received a letter from Lady Agnes, urging her to allow me to go with her to Switzerland. She was not strong, and required change of air. My mother had implicit faith and confidence in Lady Delapain.

"You have not been looking well lately, Estelle," she said to me; "it will do you good to go."

Ah, me! what a weight those few words took from my mind. Then Lady Agnes called upon us, and spoke to my mother about our little tour.

"We shall enjoy ourselves after our own fashion," she said. "Lord Delapain goes with us as far as Interlachen; there he

will leave us for a time. You may safely trust Lady Estelle with me.

"My mother had not the slightest idea anything was unusual. The only thing that embarrassed me was that she insisted upon my taking my maid Leeson with me. When I told this to Lady Agnes, she was, like myself, dismayed for a few minutes, then she said calmly:

"It will not matter; we should have been obliged to take some one into our confidence; as well Leeson as another. We must tell her of the marriage!

"So it was all settled; and I, taking my terrible secret with me, went abroard. There is no need to linger over the details. No suspicion of the truth was ever whispered. We took Leeson into our confidence, and my baby was born in Switzerland. Ah! you look astonished. Now you know why I am here: Doris is my child!"

Earle was too bewildered for one moment to speak. Then a low cry of wonder and dismay came from his lips.

"Doris your daughter!" he repeated. "Lady Hereford, this must be a dream!"

"Would to heaven it were!" she cried. "It is all most fatally true. Ah! me, if I could but wake up and find it a long, dark dream. When my little daughter was some weeks old, we had a letter which caused us some agitation: my father and mother were on the road to join us, and would be with us in two days. They were then at Berne.

"What shall we do?' I asked again of my clear-headed, trustworthy friend.

"As usual, she was quite ready for the emergency.

"We must do something decisive at once,' she replied; 'send away the child to England without an hour's delay. I will telegraph to Berne to say that we have already left Interlachen, and shall be at Berne to-morrow.'

"There could be no delay. I sat down to think where it would be possible to send the little one. It seems strange to own such a thing, but I assure you that I did not feel any overwhelming affection for the child. She was lovely as a poet's dream, the fairest little cherub that was ever seen; but already in that infantile face there was a gleam of the Studleigh beauty.

"She will be like her race," I thought, 'faithless and debonair.' Perhaps the keen anger that I felt against her father, the sorrow and the shame that he had caused me, prevented me from loving her; therefore I did not feel any sorrow at parting with her. I might have been a better woman, Earle Moray, if I had been a happier one.

"I could think of no one. Leeson suggested that if the child be taken by some farmer's wife on the estate, it would be the best thing, as in that case I would see it sometimes, and should, at least, know its whereabouts.

"Then I bethought myself how often I had heard my father speak of honest Mark Bruce. The next moment the whole plan came to me. I told Leeson, and she approved of it.

"You have probably heard the story of the finding of Doris; there is no need for me to repeat it. It was Leeson who left the child at the farmer's gate, and waited under the shadow of the trees until it was taken in doors; it is I who send the money; and I have seen the child twice—once when she was young, and the Studleigh look in her face frightened me, although my heart yearned to her.

"Then the sense of my unhappiness, of my false position, of my terrible secret, made me so wretched that I became seriously ill. My father took me away from England, and I was away many years.

"I saw her again, not so very long since, and she was one of the loveliest girls that could be imagined, yet still with the Studleigh face—'faithless and debonair.' But this time my heart warmed to her, she was so beautiful, so graceful. I was proud of her, and she told me of you; she said she was going to marry Earle Moray, gentleman and poet."

"Heaven bless her!" interrupted Earle, with quivering lips.

"Still," continued Lady Estelle, "I was not quite satisfied; I saw in her her father's faults repeated. My heart found no rest in her, or it would have been misery to lose sight of her again. I did think that when you were married—you and she—I might see more of her. She would be the wife of a poet whom we should all be proud to know.

"Now listen to what I want from you, Earle Moray. In all the wide world, you love Doris best; I want you to find her. Yesterday I heard that her father—my husband—is no longer a penniless younger son; that he has succeeded to the Earldom of Linleigh, and will return home.

"I should have told you that Lady Agnes Delapain died two years after our return from Switzerland, so that no person living knows our secret except Leeson and yourself. Before she died she wrote to my husband to tell him all about Doris.

"He seems to have extended his indifference even to her, for beyond acknowledging the letter and saying that he really sympathised in my fears, he has never taken the least notice of her.

"Now all is different. He will be Earl of Linleigh, she will be Lady Doris Studleigh, and I dare not stand between my child and her rights. Do you understand?"

"No," he replied, quietly, "you could not do that; it would not be honorable."

"So that I must have her here. I will not see him until she is with me. I shall write to him, and beg of him not to come and see me until I send for him. He will do me that small grace, and I shall not send for him until you bring her to me."

"Then you will keep your secret no longer?" said Earle.

"I cannot. If my husband had remained Captain Studleigh, I might have kept it until my death; but, as Earl of Linleigh, he is sure to claim me, either as his wife to live with him, or that he may sue me for a divorce."

"Pardon the question," said Earle, "but would you live with him?"

A dull red flush covered her face.

"If ever I loved anything on earth," she cried passionately, "it was my husband—I have known no other love."

"What is it that you want me to do?" asked Earle.

"I want you to go and find her. No one loves her as you do. Love has keen instincts; you will find her because you love her. Find her—tell her she is the Earl of Linleigh's daughter—that she must come to take her proper position in the great world; but do not tell her who is her mother."

"I will obey you implicitly," he replied.

Then she raised her fair, proud face to his.

"Mine is a strange story, is it not?" she asked.

"Yes—truth is stranger than fiction," he replied.

"And it is a shameful story, is it not?" she continued.

"It is not a good one," he said, frankly.

She smiled at the honest reply.

"You do not know," she said, "how my heart has turned to you since Doris spoke of the 'gentleman and poet.' Aristocrat as I am, I do not think any man could have a grander title. To your honor as a gentleman I trust my secret—you will never betray it."

He bowed low.

"I would rather die," he said.

"I believe you implicitly. This time, at least, my instinct has not failed me—I am safe in trusting you. Now, tell me, have you the faintest clue as to where Doris has gone?"

"Not the smallest; she has gone abroad—that is all I know."

"Then do you also go abroad! Remember that no money, no trouble, no toil must be spared—she must be found. Go first to France—to the cities most frequented by the French—then to Italy. For heaven's sake, find her, and bring her back to Brackenside. When she is once here I can bear the rest. You will not fail me. Write as often as you can; and Heaven speed you."

He felt his own hand clasped in hers; then she placed a roll of bank notes in it. The next moment she was gone, and Earle sat there alone, breathless and surprised.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I FEEL very much," thought Earle, "as though I had been dreaming in one of the fairy circles. That proud, fair woman with such a story; and she Doris' mother. Doris, my golden-haired love, whom I have been loving, believing her to be some helpless waif or stray. Doris, belonging to the Studleighs and the proud Duke of Downsbury—what will she say? Great heavens! what will she say when she learns this?"

Then the task before him might well have dismayed a braver man. He had to find her. The whole world lay before him, and he had to search all over it. Was she in Italy, Spain, or France? or had she even gone further away? He thought of the proud lady's words—"Love has keen instincts; you will find her because you love her."

He would certainly do his best, nor would he delay—that day should see the commencement of his labor. Then he began to think. Surely an ignorant, inexperienced girl could not have left home—have found herself a situation as governess without some one to help her.

Who would that some one be? One of her old school fellows? She had no more recent acquaintances. He bethought himself of Mattie, always so quick, so bright, so intelligent, so ready to solve all difficulties. He would go to her.

He went, and Mattie wondered at the unusual gravity of his face.

"I have been thinking of Doris," he said, in answer to her mute, reproachful glance.

"I wonder, Earle," she said, "when you will think of anything else?"

"I want to ask you something, Mattie. Sit down here; spare me two or three minutes. Tell me, has it ever seemed to you that some one must have helped Doris, or she could not have found a situation as she did?"

For one moment the kindly brown eyes rested with a troubled glance on his face.

"It has occurred to be often," she replied, "but I can not imagine who should do it."

"Did she ever talk to you about any of her old school-fellows?" he asked.

"No, none in particular. Why, Earle, tell me what you are thinking about?"

"I should have some clew to her whereabouts. I am convinced, if I could but discover that."

She looked steadily at him.

"Earle," she asked, in a low, pained voice, "are you still thinking of going in search of her?"

He remembered the morning's interview, and would have felt some little relief, if he could have shared the secret with Mattie; but he said:

"Yes, I am still determined, and, to tell you a secret that I do not intend telling any one else, I intend to go this very day."

He saw her lips whiten and quiver as though from sudden, sharp pain; but it never struck him that this quiet, kindly girl had enshrined him in her heart of hearts.

She was quicker of instinct when any wish of his was in question than at any other time. Suddenly she raised her eyes to his face, and he saw in them the dawn of a new idea.

"There is one person," she said, "whom we have quite overlooked, and who is very likely to have helped Doris."

"Who is that?" he asked quickly.

"The artist, Gregory Leslie."

And they looked at each other in silence, each feeling sure that the right chord had been struck. Then Earle said, gravely:

"Strange! but I never once thought of him."

"Doris talked so much to him while he was here," said Mattie, "and from his half-bantering remarks, I think he understood thoroughly how much she disliked the monotony of home. He has very probably found the situation for her.

"I should think so too but for one thing—he is an honorable man, and he would not have helped her to run away from me."

"Perhaps she deceived him. In any case, I think it worth trying," she replied.

"Heaven bless you, Mattie," said Earle. "You are always right. Do not tell any one where I have gone. I shall go to London at once. I will send a note to my mother by one of the men. Good by! Heaven bless you, my dear sister who was to have been"

"Who will be," cried Mattie, "whether you marry Doris or not!"

He wrote a few simple words to his mother, saying merely:

"Do not be alarmed at my absence. I cannot rest—I have gone to find Doris. I shall write often, and return when I have found her."

"Poor mother," he said to himself with a sigh, "I have given her nothing but sorrow of late."

Then he went quietly to Quainton railway station, and was just in time to catch the train for London.

Gregory Leslie was astonished that evening at seeing Earle suddenly enter his studio, and held out his hand to him in warmest welcome.

Earle looked first at the artist, then at his hand.

"Can I take it?" he asked. "Is it a loyal hand?"

Gregory Leslie laughed aloud.

"Bless the boy—the poet, I ought to say: what does he mean?"

"I mean, in all simplicity, just what I say," said Earle. "Is it the hand of a loyal man?"

"I have never been anything save loyal to you," replied the artist, wondering more and more at Earle's strange manner. "I shall understand you better in a short time," he said. "How ill you look—your face is quite changed."

"I have been ill for some weeks," said Earle. "I am well now."

"And how are they all at Brackenside—the honest farmer and his kindly wife; bright, intelligent Miss Mattie; and last, though by no means least, my lovely model, Miss Innocence?"

"They are all well at Brackenside," said Earle, evasively.

But the artist looked keenly at him, and from the tone of his voice he felt sure that all was not well.

Then Earle sat down, and there was a few minutes' silence. At length he roused himself with a sigh.

"Mr Leslie," he said, "when you were leaving Brackenside, you called me friend, and said that you would do anything to help me. I have come to prove if your words are true."

"I am sure they are," replied Mr. Leslie, as he looked pityingly on the worn, haggard face. "You may prove them in any way you will." Then he smiled. "Has Miss Innocence been unkind to you, that you look so dull?"

"That does not sound as though he knew anything about her going," thought Earle; "and if he does not, I am indeed at sea."

Then he looked at the artist. It was an honest face, although the lips curled satirically, and there was a gleam of mischief in the keen eyes.

"Is it a lover's quarrel, Earle?" he asked.

"No, it is more than that," replied Earle. "Tell me, Mr. Leslie, has Doris written to you since you left Brackenside?"

An expression of frank wonder came into the artist's face.

"Yes," he replied, "she wrote to me twice; each time it was to thank me for papers and critiques that I had sent her."

"That is all?" said Earle.

"That is all, indeed. I did not preserve the letters. I have a fatal habit of making pipe lights of them."

"Did she tell you, in those letters, that she was tired of Brackenside, Mr. Leslie?"

"No; they were both written in excellent spirits, I thought. I do not remember that there was any mention of home or of any one; in fact, I am sure there was not."

"Did she ask you to help her to find a situation?" said Earle.

"No, indeed, she never did. At Brackenside she pretended often enough to be tired of the place, and to want to go elsewhere, but I never paid any serious attention to it. You see, Earle, if you will love a woman who has all the beauty of the rainbow, you must be content to abide by all her caprices. I am sure she has done something to pain you, Earle—tell me what it is?"

"I will tell you," said Earle. "At first I thought that you had helped her, but now I believe I am mistaken. She has left home unknown to any of us. She has gone abroad as governess."

Gregory Leslie gave a little start of incredulity and surprise.

"Gone abroad," he repeated; "I can believe that easily; but as governess, I can never imagine that."

"She says so. She left two letters, and they both tell the same story."

"If I believed it," said Gregory Leslie, "I should most certainly say, Heaven help the children taught by the fair Doris. Candidly speaking, I should not like to be one of them."

"You do not believe it then, Mr. Leslie?"

"If you will have me speak frankly, I do not. Of all the young ladies I have ever met, I think her the least likely to become a governess—by choice, that is."

Earle looked at him blankly. It had never entered his mind to disbelieve what she had written. That threw a fresh light upon the matter.

"Tell me all about it," the artist said, after a few minutes.

And Earle did as he was requested. Gregory Leslie listened in silence.

"I know nothing about it," he said, after a time. "It is quite natural that you should imagine that I did, but I do not. She has never mentioned it to me. I understand now what you meant by being loyal. Let me say that, for your sake, if she had asked me to help her in any such scheme, I should have refused."

"I believe it. There is one thing," said Earle, "I have sworn to find her, and find her I will. Can you suggest to me any feasible or sensible plan of search?"

Then he uttered a little cry of amaze, for Gregory Leslie was looking at him with a startled expression in his face.

"Strange!" he said. "I have only just thought of it. You remember my picture of 'Innocence'?"

"Yes," said Earle.

"Well, there was a great deal of jealousy among my comrades over that face. They all wanted to know where I had found it, who was my model, where she lived. One wanted just such a face for his grand picture of Juliet; another thought it the very thing for his Marie Antoinette, in the zenith of her glory and beauty. Another declared that if he could but paint it as Cleopatra, his fortune would be made.

"Of course I would not, and did not dream for one moment of gratifying their curiosity. Perhaps the most curious among them was Ross Glynlyn. He prayed me to tell him, and was offended when I refused. Now I remember that a few days ago he called upon me in a state of great triumph; he had just returned from Italy."

"I have found your model," he said. "You need not have been so precise. I thought no good would come of such secrecy."

"What model do you mean?" I asked.

"Your model of 'Innocence.' I have seen the very face you copied," he replied.

"Indeed, where did you see it?"

"In Italy, in a picture gallery at Florence. She is incomparably beautiful. But how on earth you managed to induce her to sit for her portrait, I can not imagine. They say she is the most exclusive lady in Florence."

"Indeed," I said, gravely.

"It is true. I saw her twice, once in the gallery, and once in the carriage with her husband."

Then I laughed aloud.

"My dear Ross," I said, "I have let you wander on because you have told me such a strange story; it really seemed quite sad to interrupt you. You are perfectly wrong.

"To begin with, the young lady whose face I copied is young and unmarried; in the second place, I can answer for it, she has never been near Italy. She is, I know for certain, preparing to marry a gentleman with whom I am well acquainted."

He looked sullen and unconvinced.

"You may say what you will," he retorted, "I swear it was the same face."

"And I swear that it was not," I replied.

"So the matter ended. But, Earle, could it be that Ross Glynlyn spoke the truth—that she is in Florence?"

"But he said that lady was married," said Earle.

"That might be a mistake. It seems to me a clew worth following up."

And Earle thought the same.

CHAPTER XL.

"I CALL this a coincidence," said Gregory Leslie, as the studio door opened and a gentleman entered—"a strange coincidence. If I had read it in a novel I should not have believed it."

Earle looked up inquiringly as a handsome young man, with a clever, artistic face, entered the room.

"Am I a coincidence?" inquired the new-comer.

"I did not say that; but, decidedly, your coming is one, Mr. Glynlyn. Allow me to introduce you—Mr. Moray."

The two gentlemen saluted each other with a smile, each feeling attracted by the other's face.

Then Mr. Leslie turned to his brother artist.

"It is strange that you should come in just at this minute, Ross. I was telling Mr. Moray how certain you were that you had seen the original of 'Innocence' in Florence."

"So I did," replied Ross. "You may contradict me as much as you like. It is not probable that I should make any mistake. The lady I saw had precisely the same face as the picture. It was the original herself or her twin sister."

"He has no twin sister," said Earle, incautiously.

"Ah! you know her, then," continued Mr. Glynlyn. "I assure you that I made no mistake. Our friend here may make as much mystery as he will. I am amazed that he should give me such little credit. Why should I say it if it were not true? And how could I possibly mistake that face for any other? If you know the young lady, you can in all probability corroborate what I say, namely, that she is in Florence."

"I can not do so," said Earle, "for I am perfectly ignorant of her whereabouts."

Then he shook hands with the artist, for it seemed to him every moment spent there was lessening his chance of finding Doris.

He would start at once for Florence. It was a frail clew, after all, feeble and weak, yet well worth following.

Of course, it was all a mistake about her being married—she was a governess, not a married lady; yet that mistake seemed to him of very little consequence. The only doubt was that, having made one mistake, was it likely the artist had made another?

"Good-bye," said Gregory Leslie, in answer to the farewell words of Earle. "Good-bye; you will let me hear how you get on."

Then he went. He never rested day or night until he was in Florence. Then, exhausted by the long journey, he was compelled to seek repose.

He did what was wisest and best in going at once to the best hotel, the one most frequented by the English. There he made many inquiries. There were many English in Florence, but he did not hear of any young lady who was particularly beautiful.

The people at the hotel spoke freely enough: they discussed every one and every thing, but he heard no allusion to any one who in the least degree resembled Doris.

When he had rested himself he began his search in Florence. At first it seemed quite hopeless. He went through the churches, though he owned to himself that he need not hope to find her there. He went almost daily to the principal places of public resort; no evening passed without his going to the opera, but he never caught sight of a face like hers.

Once he followed a girl with golden hair all through the principal streets of Florence; when he came nearer to her, he saw that the hair was neither so bright, so silky, nor so abundant as that of Doris. The girl turned her face—it was not the fair, lovely face of the girl he worshiped.

He spent many hours each day in the picture-galleries. Some of the fairest picture hung before his eyes, yet he, whose love for art and beauty was so passionate, never even saw them. He feared to look at the pictures on the wall, lest he should miss one of the living faces. He saw many, but among them he never saw hers.

He spent a week in this fashion, and then his heart began to fail him; it was impossible that she should be in Florence, or surely before this he must have seen her. He wrote to Gregory Leslie and told him of his failure.

"I am afraid either your friend is mistaken or that she has gone away," he said. And if she had gone, where was he to look next?

Then he bethought himself if he could get an introduction to some of the principal houses in Florence; then if any party or fete were given, he should be sure to see her.

Even in this he succeeded. With the help of Gregory Leslie he was introduced to some of the best houses in Florence. He met many English—he heard nothing of Doris.

People thought he had a wonderful fancy; whenever he heard of any English children, he never rested until he had seen them. Some one told him that Lady Closmell had three nice little girls; his heart beat high and fast; perhaps Doris was the governess—Doris lived, Doris lived! He armed himself with some pretty sketches, and then asked permission to see the little ladies.

Lady Closmell was much gratified.

"Tell the governess to come with them," she said to the servant who went in search of them.

And Earle sat down with a white face and beating heart. It was all a waste of emotion.

When the governess did come in, she was ugly and gray-haired.

Poor Earle! he had to endure many such disappointments.

"She is not in Florence," he said to himself at last. "I must go elsewhere."

It was not until the hope was destroyed that he knew how strong it had been. The disappointment was bitter in the extreme.

He woke one morning resolved upon leaving Florence the next day. The sun was shining, the birds singing; his thoughts flew to England and the sweet summer morning when he had wandered through the green lanes and fields with his love. His heart was heavy. He raised his despairing eyes to the bright heavens and wondered how long it was to last.

The morning was fair and balmy; he thought that the air would refresh him, and perhaps when he felt less jaded and tired some inspiration might come to him where to search next; so he walked through the gay streets of sunny Florence until he came to the lovely banks of the Arno. The scene was so fair—the pretty villas shining through the trees.

He walked along till he came to a green path shaded by trees whose huge branches touched the water; there he sat down to rest. Oh! thank Heaven for that few minutes' rest. He laid his head against the trunk of a tree and bared his brow to the fresh, sweet breeze.

He had been there some little time when the sound of a woman's voice aroused him—the sweet, laughing tones of a woman's voice.

"You may leave me," it said. "I shall not run away. I shall enjoy a rest by the river."

Dear Heaven! what voice was it? It touched the very depths of his heart, and sent a crimson flush to his brow. For one short moment he thought he was back again in the woods of Quainton. Then his heart seemed to stop beating; he leaned, white, almost senseless, against the trees; then he heard it again.

"Do not forget my flowers, and remember the box for 'Satanella.' It is one of my favorite operas. Au revoir."

Then there was a sound of some one walking down the river-bank, the rustle of a silken dress, the half-song, half-murmur of a laughing voice. He saw a shadow fall between himself and the sunshine. Oh, Heaven! could it be she?

He drew aside the sheltering branches and looked out. There, on the bank below him, sat a young girl. At first he could only distinguish the rich dress of violet silk and black lace; then, when the mist cleared before his eyes, and he saw a profusion of golden hair shining like the sun, then he went toward her.

Oh, blessed sky above! Oh, shining sun! Oh, flowing river! Oh, great and merciful Heaven! was it she?

Nearer, and more like the shadow of a coming fate, he crept. Still she never moved. She sung of love that was never to die. Nearer and nearer he could see the white, arched neck, whose graceful turn he would have recognised anywhere. Nearer still, and he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Doris," he said.

She turned quickly round. It was she!

He will never forget the ghastly pallor that came over her face. She started up with a dreadful cry.

"Earle! Earle! have you come to kill me."

It was some moments before he could reply. Earth and sky seemed to meet; the ripple of the river was as a roar of water in his ears.

His first impulse had been a fierce one. He, worn, haggard, heart-broken; she, brighter, fairer than ever, singing on the banks of the sunny Arno. Then he looked steadily at her.

"No," he said, slowly; "I have not come to kill you; I do not wish to kill you. Death could not deal out such torture as your hands have dealt out to me."

"Poor Earle," she said, pityingly; but the pity was more than he could bear.

"I am sent here," he continued, "by those who have a right to send. I do not need pity."

But she looked into his changed face.

"Poor Earle," she repeated; and the tone of her voice was so kind that for one moment he shuddered with dread.

"I must speak to you, Doris. I have been long in finding you—"

"Earle," she interrupted, "what has brought you here? I am not surprised. I have always felt that, sooner or later, I should see you. What has brought you here?"

"I have something to tell you," he replied. "I would have traveled the wide world over, but I would never have returned without seeing you."

"But why, of all other places, did you think of Florence?" she asked.

Then it seemed to him that she was simply trying to gain time, and to avoid what he had to say.

"Doris, I have come expressly to talk to you. Why I chose Florence matters but little; nothing matters between us except what I have to say."

"Oh, Earle," she cried, "I was so tired of Brackenside, I could not stay."

"Never mind Brackenside; we will not discuss it now. Will you sit down here, Doris, while I tell you my message?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LATE rising is always more or less hurtful to the economy and well-being of a household. A woman must be exceptionally methodical to keep her domestic concerns well in hand, yet spend the best of the working hours of the day in bed.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE DATE HARVEST.—Egypt is the favored country of the date, and it is said that more than two millions and a half of palms are there registered as fruit-bearing trees, and as a single tree will sometimes bear as much as four hundred weight of dates—quoted last year at $12 50 in London, but this year, from over-abundant supplies, not worth half—it may be seen what an important matter to the Egyptian fellah is his date harvest.

THE GORDIAN KNOT.—The Gordian knot is said to have been made of the thongs that served as harness to the wagon of Gordius, a husbandman, afterwards King of Phrygia. Whosoever loosed this knot, the ends of which were not discoverable, the oracle declared should be ruler of Persia. Alexander the Great cut away the knot with his sword until he found the ends of it, and thus—in a military sense at least—interpreted the oracle 330 B. C.

HIS SALT.—When we say of an idle fellow that he does not "earn his salt" or is "not worth his salt," we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans who considered a man to be in possession of a "salary" who received a "salarium"—allowance of salt-money or of salt wherewith to savor his food. Thus the Roman soldiers who worked at the salt-mines were paid for their labor in salt, and hence arises the word "salary."

IN JAPAN.—Wages and salaries are low in Japan; living is correspondingly as cheap. Recent statistics about the sums expended by merchants, manufacturers and farmers show this. The statistics divide them into three categories, according to their wealth. A merchant, manufacturer or gentleman farmer of the first class spends on an average $40 a year, in second class $26, in third class $16. A wedding costs in the first class, on an average, $120, in the second $60, in the third class $16. Burials cost $80, $40 and $7, respectively.

IN FIRE.—You have often noticed the many tinted bars and bands that rise in the shape of "forked tongues of flame" from wood burning in the grate. It is ten to one, however, that you never have thought to figure on the cause of the variegated hues presented by the flames. To bring the matter quickly to the point, we will say that the many colors are the result of combustion among the different elements of the wood. The light blue is from the hydrogen and the white from the carbon, the violet is from the manganese, the red from the magnesia and the yellow from the soda, which are constituent parts of the wood.

YOUNG CROWS.—Nature tells a tale of a pair of rooks, evidently young birds, that strove in vain to build a nest. The wind each time blew the foundations down while the rooks, which fly far for nest materials instead of taking those close at hand, were away. At last, despairing of building a home by legitimate means, they fell upon a completed nest of another pair while the owners were absent, tore it to pieces, and built a nest foundation that would stand in the wind. Then they made a superstructure in the clumsy and inexperienced way that young birds always do.

STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS.—The painter Rizzi formed friendships with all sorts of animals, and he filled his house with squirrels, monkeys, Angora cats, dwarf asses, he goats, and Elba ponies. Beside all these he had an enormous raven which gravely strode about among the animals as if it were the exhibitor of this Noah's ark. When any one knocked at the outer door, the raven called "Come in!" in a loud voice. Pelisson, confined in the Bastile, made a friend of a spider, which he tamed. The gaoler one day, seeing Pelisson take pleasure in contemplating the insect, crushed it under his foot, and left the prisoner distressed and melancholy at the loss of his friend. Latude, in the same prison, made companions of some six-and-twenty rats who inhabited his cell. He gave each of them a name, and they learned to come to him at his call. He fed them, played with them, and they greatly relieved the dreariness of his captivity. But Latude made friends of rats only from necessity. The Marquis de Montespan, in perfect freedom of choice, had the extraordinary taste to amuse himself with mice, when occupying the gilded apartments of Versailles. True, the mice were white, and had been brought to him all the way from Siberia; but the taste was a most odd one nevertheless.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY D. A. W.

When grief shall on our pathway press
To crowd its joys aside,
And disappointment's sore distress
Rolls o'er us like a tide,
Within the hours that braves it all
Hope shines with steady rays,
And bids us trust, whate'er befall,
The dawn of brighter days.

Then shall we see the golden light
That comes with peace and love;
That puts all threat'ning clouds to flight
And clears the skies above.
What then the trials of the past,
Since Heav'n to us repays
All pleasures lost in these the last
And purer, fairer days!

Yes, hope will pierce the thickest gloom
To find the sunny skies;
Will see through mists the earth in bloom
With all the joys we prize;
And though the present's dim with tears
'Twill light our darkest ways,
Till from our night the dawn appears
Of fairer, sweeter day!

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED.)

GERALD hesitated. He knew that Mr. Harling was not dying to have Miss Grace's portrait, and that the offer was prompted by paternal gratitude; he hesitated and was inclined to refuse; then, he thought, "What a charming picture Miss Grace would make!" and said—

"Certainly; but, pardon me, you have no proof of my capacity."

"I never yet found a brave man a braggart or a fraud," said the old gentleman, laconically. "And I have every confidence in your ability to carry out anything you undertake. We shall stay here for a little time—the place looks pretty, and—and interesting." He stared at the fire as he spoke.

"And we are not tied for time. In fact, we are just wandering about as colonials do when they come back to the old country. How soon can you get to work?"

"As soon as I can procure materials?" said Gerald. "I will go into Blagford to-morrow and buy them—to-morrow morning."

"Very well then," said Mr. Harling, "that's settled. As to the price——"

"Oh, you'd better wait till the picture's finished," said Gerald, with his infectious laugh. "And then I hope you won't pay me only what it's worth."

The old gentleman eyed him shrewdly.

"Don't undervalue yourself," he said. "It's a waste of time and labor, seeing that there's plenty of people will do it for you. Good-night!" He shook Gerald's hand heartily, and tramped up the stairs, but half-way up he paused, and looked round.

"I think you said you didn't know this place at all."

"Not at all," assented Gerald.

"Oh, just so. I thought, if you did, you might show us round; it looks interesting."

"How do you know?" Gerald asked, with a laugh. "You haven't seen very much of it."

Mr. Harling laughed in response, and looked rather confused.

"Just so! Just so!" he said, and went on his way.

Before the father and daughter were down the next morning, Gerald started for Blagford. He was fortunate enough to find a man who dealt in artist's materials, and he purchased the necessary tools for the work which had so strangely and romantically fallen into his hands.

When he got back to the "Golden Harp," as the inn at Lartree was called, he saw Mr. Harling standing outside the door, with his pipe in his mouth, as if awaiting him.

"You don't let the grass grow under your feet, Mr. Wayre," he said, as he eyed the parcel under Gerald's arm.

"Well, you see, a man can't live on grass," said Gerald. "How is Miss Harling this morning? I hope she will be well enough to give me a sitting after lunch; but I must not worry her——"

"Oh, she'll be ready," said Mr. Harling. "She likes the idea." He tried to look as if she had not suggested it. "I have been having a look around while you have been to Blagford."

"I hope you found the place as interesting as you imagined it," said Gerald, arranging his materials in a cosy little sitting-room, which Mr. Harling had engaged, and into which he had led the way.

"Eh? Oh, yes, yes! I've been having a talk with some of the old inhabitants."

"And found the old inhabitants as uncommunicative and stupid as usual, I suppose," said Gerald. "It's extraordinary what a heap of things the old inhabitant can manage to forget."

"Well—yes," assented the old gentleman thoughtfully. "He doesn't appear to remember anything excepting his attack of measles at the age of seven. All between that and the present is a blank."

He spoke as if he were disappointed about something.

"Ah, well, time works changes! You'll give us the pleasure of your company at lunch, Mr. Wayre?"

But Gerald declined, explaining that he had got a crust of bread-and-cheese at Blagford, and that he would prepare his canvas, so as to be ready when Miss Harling was ready for him.

After lunch Mr. Harling gave him a call, and he went in. It was evident that the luggage had come from Blagford, for Miss Harling was attired in her own clothes; and very pretty and graceful she looked, Gerald thought. She greeted him with a little blush, and said yes, she was quite ready.

Gerald set up his portable easel in a good light, and placed a chair for her.

"I'm only going to paint the half figure," he said. "So I'll have all the light I can on your face. May I——? Thanks!" and he posed her.

The color deepened in her singularly fair face and her eyes were downcast, as he turned her this way and that, until he had got the required position.

"I suppose I am to look pleasant? Am I to smile?"

"Look natural," said Gerald. "That will be pleasant enough Miss Harling."

Mr. Harling chuckled.

"You've learnt one half of the portrait-painter's art, anyhow, Mr. Wayre," he said, "the art of flattery."

"No," said Gerald, candidly. "It was only my way of expressing satisfaction with my subject, and my despair of doing it justice."

"You ought to be able to look pleasant after that, Grace," said the old gentleman, much amused.

Gerald began the rough sketch; and Mr. Harling watched with keen interest, and a rather surprised approval.

"You can smoke, Mr. Wayre, eh, Grace?" he said, as he filled his own pipe. "My daughter's used to tobacco."

"Thanks; presently," said Gerald, absorbed in his work. "Please look straight before you, Miss Grace."

Grace had felt her eyes heavy under his abstracted gaze, but she raised them obediently, her color coming and going in exquisite rose tints.

Gerald worked on quickly and firmly. He had a keen eye, and that peculiar audacity which is one of the artist's most valuable possessions, and the face as it grew upon the canvas interested him.

Presently he was conscious of a strange feeling. It seemed to him that he had seen the face of one that bore a resemblance to it, before, and he paused in his work and started at his sketch.

"Anything wrong?" asked Mr. Harling, who was immensely interested in every stroke.

"No, no!" said Gerald. "Nothing—excepting, of course, that I am more sure every moment that I shall only perpetrate a libel on Miss Harling."

"Hem! doesn't look like it," remarked her father.

"You have been abroad some time?" asked Gerald, thoughtfully. Surely he could not have met the girl and forgotten her!

"All my life," replied the old gentleman. "I went to Australia a boy, and came back a few weeks ago. You look as if you had been abroad a good deal, Mr. Wayre. Is that so?"

"Yes," said Gerald. "I ran away to sea when I was a lad, and have been wandering ever since."

Mr. Harling glanced at him quickly. "Your people are English!" he said.

"I—believe so," said Gerald. "The fact is, I scarcely know. I was brought up by some people who had adopted me. They lived at a place called Worsley, near Southampton—I suppose it was seeing so much of shipping that gave me a taste for the sea. I wasn't very happy, and so I cut and ran."

Mr. Harling puffed at his pipe.

"You were an orphan, then?" he said.

Gerald nodded. "Worse, if that is possible, for I never knew my mother and father," he said, very quietly.

"And these people, what did you say their name was?"

Gerald had not mentioned their name, but he gave it absently.

"Porson," he said.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Harling. "They weren't good to you?"

"Well, scarcely that. But I felt free to make a bolt of it."

"You must have been glad to see your friends when you came back," remarked Mr. Harling, in a casual voice.

"I haven't any," said Gerald. "The Porsons were living, are alive still, and I was glad to see them; but there was no one else. I haven't a relation in the world, that I know of. I am afraid you mustn't look quite so grave, Miss Harling."

Grace started, and blushed; then Gerald, afraid that she was getting bored and tired, began telling them some of his adventures, very much as he had told them to Claire. And the girl listened with rapt attention, her face responding, like a musical instrument, to the touch of his mood.

At times he made her smile—and the fair face was rendered beautiful by the smile, and now again he made her shudder; but he skated rapidly over perils and privations, and dwelt on the humorous side of his life's story as much as possible. It is scarcely necessary to say that he said nothing of Court Regna. That was a sealed page of the book.

Once or twice she was so absorbed and interested that she forgot her duties as a sitter and moved her head round to him, and Gerald had to go to her and put her straight again.

He did it in the most mechanical way, and as if he were adjusting a lay figure, but every time he touched her the color rose to her face and her breath came and went in a fluttering way.

"You've had an eventful career for a young man, Mr. Wayre," said Mr. Harling.

Gerald looked at him with some surprise. He had thought that the old gentleman had scarcely been listening.

"You ought to have made your fortune."

Gerald laughed. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"I don't know," said Mr. Harling. "I've been on the roll all my life, but I'm thankful to say that I have gathered a little moss." He spoke quite modestly, and without a trace of bragging. "That's why I have come home," he went on, simply. "We all come home when we've made our pile, don't we?"

Gerald nodded.

"I'm glad to hear it," he said. "I hope to make mine some day," he added, but without much eagerness; for the thought flashed through him that all the money in the world would not bring him the only thing he wanted. Surely it was not because he was poor that Claire had refused and dismissed him!

"I think you will," said Harling, quietly. "It's mostly a matter of luck, after all. I grubbed on for years, until I came upon the Butterfly Mine."

Now, most people who have to do with mining have heard of the wonderful Butterfly, and Gerald opened his eyes.

"The Butterfly!" he exclaimed, with much interest. "You were in that!"

"I found it," said Mr. Harling, quietly.

Gerald looked at him and laughed.

"I congratulate you," he said. "There must be millions in it!"

"There are," assented the old gentleman, as quietly as before.

Miss Grace fidgetted and moved, so that Gerald had to stop.

"I do hope you are not going to talk money!" she said, almost irritably. "I hate the sound of the word!"

"All right, my dear!" said her father, with all a father's meekness. "It cropped out in a natural way." He turned to Gerald. "My daughter has a horror of being thought purse proud," he explained, apologetically.

"You see, we have met some of the specimens of the self made people, and—well, Grace doesn't like the make, and is afraid that people will think we're stamped with the same mark. So we avoid the subject, Mr. Wayre."

Gerald smiled.

"I understand," he said. "And yet it is the one subject most people are really fond of."

"Then we are exceptions, please, Mr. Wayre," said Miss Grace, almost plaintively.

Her father nodded.

"You see!" he said.

Gerald nodded in response.

"We won't mention it again—until you pay for the portrait." And he laughed.

But both father and daughter rose in his estimation. The man who had discovered the wonderful Butterfly must be a millionaire, or very nearly one; and yet, unlike most millionaires, he avoided the topic of money, alluded to his honestly-gotten wealth half shamefacedly, and bore no traces of it about him in the shape of fine clothes or jewelry.

Both father and daughter were plainly dressed, and were quite free from any hint of ostentation. Gerald's interest in them increased as he pondered over his work.

Presently he noticed that Miss Grace looked tired.

"That will do for to-day, Miss Harling," he said. "I am afraid I have worn you out! Artists have no feelings—where their sitters are concerned."

"I am not tired," she said, with a smile. "I will stay like this as long as you like."

"Which is not one moment longer," he said, firmly, as he laid down his brush. She looked at him gratefully, and Gerald put his things aside and went out.

"That's young fellow's a born gentleman, Grace," remarked Mr. Harling, emphatically. She was standing by the window, watching Gerald striding along the road, and she did not turn her head.

"Have you only just discovered that, father?" she said, very quietly.

"A born gentleman," responded the old man, "for all he's poor and struggling."

"Was it because he was poor and struggling that you found it necessary to tell him that we were rich—disgustingly rich?" she said, with dangerous sweetness.

Mr. Harling reddened.

"You're hard upon me, Grace. It slipped out unawares, and before I knew it. You don't think I was bragging, Grace!"

"No, no!" she said, more gently. "But—I am sorry." And she left the room.

The portrait was resumed the next day, and the next. Every morning she was posed by the window, and Gerald worked at the canvas. Sometimes Mr. Harling was present, but very often he left them alone together—Gerald was a gentleman, and could be trusted—or strolled in and out, taking his pipe from his mouth to offer some criticism or express his approval.

For the portrait promised to be a good one, and, in consequence, Gerald was quite absorbed in it. So absorbed that he did not know that his sitter's eyes often dwelt upon him with a dreamy tenderness, to be turned away swiftly when he looked up.

And even if he caught her gaze he would not have suspected the truth, that love was growing, springing up like some tropical plant with amazing growth, within her heart; for Gerald was the least vain of men.

How could she help loving him! There was a powerful charm in that frank and genial manner of his, and he was strong and handsome to boot!

Day after day she spent hours with him, was brought under the spell of his manly tenderness, the charm of his dark eyes, with the mysterious sadness lurking in them, the music of his voice, which became more musical when he addressed women—gentle or simple.

His very unconsciousness of his power over her only helped to increase and intensify it, and so it came to pass that she lived only when he was present, and spent the weary hours of his absence thinking of him.

As the picture grew under his hand, the resemblance to some face he had seen and forgotten became more distinct to him, and one day he said, absently—

"I wonder who it was?"

She was looking at him, and started as he spoke, and averted her gaze.

"Who what was?" she asked. "Do you talk in your sleep, Mr. Wayre? I don't know whether you know it, but you spoke aloud then."

"Did I?" he said, with a laugh. "I beg your pardon. It is very strange, but you are like someone I have seen, Miss Harling, and I can't think who it was!"

"That is strange," she said, "I don't think you can have met any of my relations. They are all in Australia—that is, on my mother's side. My father's are English, but he has not found any yet, though he seems to be always looking for them.

"I fancy he has an idea some of them may be in this part of the world, though he does not say anything about it; but I know he has been making inquiries in this neighborhood. Can't you remember who it was?"

Gerald shook his head thoughtfully.

"Was it a man or a woman?"

"A woman, I think."

"Was she pretty?"

"Of course," he said, in a matter-of-fact way.

She blushed, and glanced at him

"Isn't that rather too obvious?" she said.

"I beg your pardon? Oh, I see! Well, Miss Harling, you have a looking-glass in your room, I expect."

The blush deepened, and her eyes were cast down.

"You are not offended, I hope?" he said, apologetically. "Perhaps as I am an artist I may be allowed to remark that—I am satisfied with my subject. You are not angry?"

"No; I ought to be," she said.

Gerald laughed.

"I don't know. Most women would be pleased, wouldn't they?"

"It depends upon who says it," she said, in a low voice.

"Oh, well, I'm privileged," he responded.

She looked at him quickly, and, with a little catch in her voice, said—

"Privileged—you?"

"As an artist," he said, innocently.

She turned her head away, and the color faded from her face.

"I beg your pardon, but you have moved," he said. "One moment—that's not quite as you were. Allow me,"—all unconsciously, as if she were the usual lay figure, he, gently enough, put her in the former position. His hand scarcely touched her, but she fell a-trembling, her lips quivered, and her eyes closed.

He thought she was going to faint, and looked at her, and then round the room, with all a man's alarm and Heaven forsaken helplessness.

"What a brute I am! You are tired out! I'd forgotten the time you have been sitting here! Don't faint! Yes, I'm a brute!"

"No, no!" she said, and she stretched out her arm as if to stop him from ringing the bell. "I am not faint; only—only a little tired; I don't think I am even that! And—and please don't call yourself names. I—I—don't like to hear it.

Her blue eyes, still moist, looked up into his with that expression which is the most dangerous a woman can wear—the look of appealing tenderness and veiled admiration.

She was very beautiful at that moment—woman is at her best when love is throbbing at her heart and shining through her eyes—but Gerald was untouched. There was no heart in his bosom to be touched; Claire Sartoris had taken it thence months ago.

"That's nonsense," he said, as a brother might speak to a sister. "You are tired, and you shan't sit any longer! Why, you are quite pale——"

"I am not pale!" she declared. "Please go on!" but her hand still lingered, ah, so lovingly, on his strong arm, and the blue eyes—Heavenly blue, with love's own azure—looked up into his.

Gerald thought, "how pretty she is! I shall never do her justice!" and that was all.

"I shan't paint you any more to-day," he said.

"You—you are obstinate!" she murmured.

"I'm a perfect mule when I like!" he said. "Come into the open air—it's not so very cold. Here, put this round you." He caught up one of the awful antimacassars, and threw it round her. "I'll get your father to take you for a drive this afternoon. I've kept you indoors all these fine mornings. Yes, I'm a brute, and that just describes me."

She let him take her out, and she leant upon his arm. And he was very tender and gentle with her. The woman who reads these lines will understand how that very gentleness and tenderness increased the pain and the wordless longing in Grace's heart—the man reader will not.

In the afternoon they went for a drive, for Gerald had gained a great influence over Mr. Harling, and had only to suggest a thing to ensure its accomplishment. They drove through the lovely Irish country, and Gerald, who accompanied them, expatiated upon the beauty of the scenery; but Grace's eyes were more often on his face than on the emerald-green meadows, and violet hills.

He dined with them that night—as a rule he refused their invitations—and all through the dinner those blue eyes sought his, instantly to be diverted when he looked their way. After dinner she leant back in an arm-chair and listened, with half-closed eyes, to Gerald's and her father's talk.

Gerald was speaking of some old ruins he had seen in America; and Mr. Harling was much interested.

"I've got some sketches somewhere," said Gerald. "Wait a moment."

He went up to his room, and came down again with some papers, and pulled out the sketch he had alluded to, and the two men talked for time, then went out to look at the night.

Grace rose, and moved about the room with the restlessness of a girl in her condition—just waiting for the man she loved to come back and bring the light of his presence with him.

Her eye fell upon the sketches, and she took them up eagerly. They were his, had been drawn by his hand, were instinct of him.

She turned them over one by one, admiring, though she was no artist, the bold, strong, drawing, the faculty which made them, slight though they were, impressive; then, suddenly, she started, and her fingers closed over one sketch.

It was the picture of a girl on horseback. Only a pencil drawing, but so lifelike, so eloquent, so strongly endowed with reality, that it was almost as if the live girl and the live horse stood before her.

A woman's instinct is a wonderful and mysterious thing. It rarely fails. As she looked at the drawing, Grace's heart seemed to contract under the grip of an icy hand. She scanned the beautiful features, the graceful figure, with an agonized scrutiny

"Oh, she is beautiful, beautiful!" she moaned, with dry lips. "It is she—she who stands between us!"

The room grew indistinct, and seemed to be whirling round her; she dropped the sketches in a disordered heap, and clutching the table with both hands, sobbed—

"Father! Father!"

But when Mr. Harling came in a few minutes afterwards, they found her lying back in the chair as they had left her, and apparently, asleep.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GERALD gathered up the sketches carelessly, and in doing so let one fall to the ground. It was Claire's portrait. He picked it up, and his face went crimson and then pale, and he stood as if suddenly overwhelmed by some sharply awakened memory:

He did not see that Grace was looking at him, her face lined with pain; indeed, he seemed for the moment to have forgotten the presence of the other two.

Recovering his composure, he thrust the sketch in the breast-pocket of his coat, and resumed the conversation; but he talked absently, and soon afterwards said good-night.

When he got up to his room, he took the sketch from his pocket, and with it came out the papers he had found in the old bureau at Court Regna. He looked at them for a moment or two, but without unfolding them, before he could remember from whence he had got them.

With an exclamation of annoyance at his carelessness, he folded them up, and put them into an envelope, and directed it to Miss Sartoris, and, that he might not forget them in the morning, he stuck the envelope in the front of the looking glass. Then he sat down and looked at the portrait.

He certainly had not forgotten Claire during the last week or so, and his love for her had not decreased; but his work at Grace's portrait; the close companionship with the father and daughter, had occupied his mind and prevented him from brooding over his disappointed love, as he had brooded while lying alone, for weary hours after his accident, in the hut.

But now the sight of the beautiful face set his heart all tingling again, and woke up anew the lover's longing. He wondered whether she had forgiven him yet for daring to love her, whether she was still at the Court, and whether—hardest and bitterest thought of all!—someone else had won her!

After a time he could not endure to look upon the face—all so perfect to him—and he put it in his pocket with a sigh, and went to bed to dream of her.

When he got up in the morning, the first thing that his eyes fell upon was the envelope containing the papers, and he remembered that he had enclosed them without a word. Surely that was discourteous!

He must write, at least a line or two. But that "line or two" seemed very difficult and almost impossible, and he put the envelope in a drawer, resolving to compose the few words after breakfast. It was so difficult to say anything that would not appear as if he wanted to open a correspondence with her.

"Not that I need be afraid," he thought, sadly. "She will, no doubt, tell Mr. Sapley to acknowledge them, just as she told him to send me that confounded cheque!"

The sitting that morning was a failure. Miss Grace seemed to have lost interest in the picture, or to be out-of-sorts; and Gerald, brooding over Claire, felt as if he could not work.

Grace was very docile and gentle, and sat as he told her, but her face was quite colorless, and there was a dull look of pain and weariness in her eyes which was quite strange to him. She did not steal covert glances at him this morning, but gazed straight before her like one in a dream, and a sad one, and when he spoke she did not turn her head with the quick attention, and the prompt smile, which she had hitherto accorded him, but kept her eyes fixed on the opposite wall.

Her changed manner puzzled and troubled Gerald. He wondered whether he had said or done anything to offend her, and once he stopped in his work, and looked at her with fixed attention. As if she felt the intentness of his gaze, she said, without turning her eyes to him—

"Is there anything the matter, Mr. Wayre?"

"I was wondering whether I might venture to ask that question, Miss Grace," he said in his outspoken fashion. "I was just asking myself whether I could have done anything to offend you."

The color rose to her face, but very faintly, and her eyes dropped, as if to hide the tears that had risen to them.

"What a question!" she said, with forced lightness, but with a stifled sigh. "Let me reassure you. You have not. How could you have done anything?"

"I don't know," he said; but, hesitatingly, as if he were not quite satisfied, "One never knows—at least, I don't—I'm such a clumsy, outspoken idiot, and always blundering against somebody's feelings, like a bull in a crockery shop."

"You have broken no crockery in my case," she said. "Why—why did you think you had?"

"Well," he said, "your face made me afraid and doubtful."

"My poor face!" she said, with a laugh that rang rather sad and rueful. "It must be difficult to paint fair women; when they lose their color, they lose their all! I know that I am as expressionless as a sheet of note paper this morning. It is because I feel tired, I suppose. I am sorry that I am not dark, Mr. Wayre." She had pictured the unknown original of the sketch as dark.

Gerald looked at her all bewildered by the tinge of bitterness in her voice, and slowly began to clean his brushes.

"What are you doing?" she asked, for she had learnt to know his movements.

"Putting the things away," he said, quietly.

"Please don't!" she said. "You—you will make me ashamed of myself and unhappy! Please go on! I will try and look brighter."

Seeing that it would distress her if he refused, he took up his brush again.

"Were all your lady-sitters as tiresome and provoking as I am?" she asked, after a pause, and with affected carelessness.

"Most of them more so," he said. "You are a model of patience and amiability. No, it's not empty flattery," he went on, as she smiled, "I have never known anyone so—so gentle and long suffering."

"And you have painted a good many?"

"Yes," he said, absently.

"In England?" she asked. The longing to know the name of the girl on horseback possessed her—the longing and the dread.

He looked at her with some surprise.

"No, I have painted no one in England but you, Miss Grace," he said; then he remembered the pencil-sketch of Claire, and his brows drew together; but it was not a painting, and he did not correct himself.

She glanced at him wistfully, and sighed.

"I hope the picture will be a success," she said. "Will you send it to the Academy?"

"No," he replied. "It will certainly not be good enough for that. All I dare hope for is that it may be something like you—it cannot be half beautiful enough—but it may give an idea, a suggestion of the original."

His words brought the color to her face, and her eyes lightened for a moment; then the color faded away again, for a woman knows that the man who loves her does not speak of her beauty so calmly.

"That is nonsense!" she said, almost brusquely. "I am not nearly so pretty as that picture—and you know it!"

As she spoke, Mr. Harling entered. He came into the room with a little bustling air, as if he were rather excited about something, and looked round in an eager, restless kind of way.

He had some letters in his hand, and he glanced at them and then at Gerald irresolutely, as if he wanted to say something; but ultimately he put the letters in his pocket, as if he had decided not to speak of the matter on his mind.

"Well, how are you getting on?" he asked.

"Not at all," said Grace, promptly and wearily.

"You don't look up to much this morning, Grace," he said. "A little off color, and—eh, Mr. Wayre?"

"Yes," said Gerald. "Miss Grace is tired, and I am not going to do any more this morning."

"Wants a change, perhaps?" said Mr. Harling. "What do you say to running away for a day or two, Grace? I've had some letters this morning, one of 'em on business in another part of the old country; and I must run over there. I'll take you with me, the change will do you good. We needn't be away long. You won't mind giving the picture a rest for a day or two, Mr. Wayre?"

"Oh, no," said Gerald at once. "Besides, I needn't be idle. I can paint in the background, and get on generally. I'm going to put a Japanese screen behind the figure—an old gold and bronze affair; and I can do that without troubling Miss Grace for a day or two."

"That's all right then," said Mr. Harling. "We'll start to-morrow morning, and get back as soon as we can."

Grace drew a long breath. The thought of leaving Gerald, even for a few days, brought a sharp little pain with it.

"And we'll go for a drive this afternoon, eh?" continued the old gentleman, rubbing his hands, and fidgetting up and down the room. "A drive will do you both good, for you look rather down in the mouth this morning, Mr. Wayre."

Gerald flushed.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said cheerily. "But I should like the drive all the same."

It was a pleasant afternoon, of course, with a shower or two and Grace seemed to grow more cheerful after the first mile or so. Gerald did his best to entertain her, and she had him entirely to herself, for her father appeared to be in an extremely thoughtful and preoccupied mind, and to be scarcely aware of their presence.

Every now and then he would glance at Gerald in a peculiar way, and then whistle softly, after the manner of old men when they have something on their minds and cannot speak of it.

In the evening they were sitting round the fire; Grace was leaning back looking tired and somewhat sad, and the two men were playing draughts, a game of which Mr. Harling was curiously fond.

Gerald could beat him easily; but he often spared his opponent, and extended mercy so cleverly that Mr. Harling never detected it, as, chuckling with enjoyment, he scored the game.

Now and again, Grace would lean forward and watch them, and, of course, she saw Gerald's kindly imposition, and she showed him that she did so, by a faint smile and shake of her head.

Notwithstanding her pallor, she looked very beautiful, with a spiritual loveliness which struck Gerald more forcibly than it had ever done before.

She was gentleness itself, and her love for her father displayed itself in her eyes when they rested on him, and in a hundred little ways by which every tender-hearted woman can reveal her affection.

Gerald thought what "a nice girl" she was, and what a capital wife she would make, and, involuntarily, he sighed.

If he had never met Claire! But even if he had seen Grace before Claire, how could he, a penniless adventurer, have asked the daughter of a millionaire, to be his wife!

Presently she rose to say "good night," and, in his admiration and liking for her, Gerald, in all innocence, held her hand a little longer than usual.

"You will be glad of your holiday, Miss Grace," he said, smiling at her rather pensively. "And I hope you will come back quite strong and——"

Her hand fluttered in his, and her eyes sank.

"Thank you," she said, with a slight catch in her breath. "And you, too, will be glad of a holiday!"

"No," he said, curtly, "I shall not. I shall miss you very much, and shan't know what to do with myself except by counting the hours until your return."

She looked at him for an instant—a quick searching gaze—then she sighed, withdrew her hand, and left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOLITUDE.

BY S. J.

Strange, pensive spirit, wandering afar,
Hiding thy beauty in the leafy wood,
Shedding thy blessing from the evening star,
Kind angel, comforter, and chiefest good
Of those who mourn for lov'd ones far away,
Of those who weep Life's golden blossoms faded;
For when strange faces crowd about our way,
The wailing, hoping heart turns sick and jaded,
Longing to taste the crystal streams that flow,
Cooling and fresh, unseen by mortal eyes,
From sources that the world can never know,
Because from the sweet Solitude they rise.

Bellows and Tongs.

BY G. T. S.

"COUSIN, I will remember you in my will." The value of these few words will be understood when it is known that she who uttered them was both old and rich, and that he who heard them was avaricious.

Mademoiselle Agnes Duperron enjoyed an income of little less than sixteen hundred a year. She was upwards of seventy, and paralised on the whole of the left side. Judge, then, if she had not friends.

One of the most assiduous, eager, and attentive of this number was her Cousin Gigandet. That very day (it was the twenty-first of January, the feast of Saint Agnes) he had made it a point to be the first to offer his good wishes, and his bouquet to his worthy cousin.

He presented himself at her dwelling before she had risen, and waited for a whole hour until she was able to receive him, holding his bouquet in one hand, and his hat in the other, and repeating over the compliment which he intended to address to her.

Touched by such ardent zeal, Mademoiselle Duperron invited her excellent relative to share her breakfast, consisting of a small loaf toasted and buttered, and soaked in coffee, rich with cream, and Gigandet, at the summit of his enthusiasm, solemnly declared that it was the best cream, the best coffee, the best butter, and the best bread that he had ever tasted in the whole course of his life.

The effect produced by an actor is due in some degree to what in theatrical language is termed his personal appearance. I cannot therefore avoid giving my readers an exact idea of the personal appearance of Monsieur Gigandet.

He was a thin, pale man, whose countenance, armed with a long pointed nose, and pierced by two small holes, whence shone out two little eyes always in motion, struck the imagination by its ridiculous resemblance to the face of a weasel. There was, moreover, a strange disproportion between the superior and inferior portions of his person. It was the body of a dwarf on the legs of a giant, a child mounted upon stilts.

The breakfast terminated, he seated himself by the fire, in the corner opposite to that occupied by Mademoiselle Duperron. And it was while observing his two long thin legs, which, projecting in parallel lines from the arm-chair, stretched completely across the hearth, that the old lady displayed to him her gratitude by these touching words—

"Rest assured, cousin, I will remember you in my will."

The eyes of Gigandet sparkled; but he repressed his joy as well as he was able, and with an idiotic smile and slightly trembling voice replied, "Oh! cousin, there is time enough to think of that."

"Nay, not too much," observed Mademoiselle Duperron; "there is no use in deceiving ourselves. I know that my hour is approaching, and when it comes I shall have no right to complain. I have now been nearly seventy-four years in the world, and, between ourselves, they have not been wasted."

"I know it, cousin," said Gigandet; "a life so replete with good works, so agreeable to——"

"Let us not speak of that," interrupted Mademoiselle Duperron, modestly. "However, it is not with the notary as it is with the doctor; a notary never kills any one, and I see no danger——"

At this moment the door opened, and Mademoiselle Duperron was called upon to receive a second cousin, a second speech, a second bouquet, and a second embrace. When the ceremony customary on such occasions was gone through Gigandet exclaimed, with the mysterious banter of a man conscious of his advantage, "Here you are, then, Cousin Baculard!"

"Yes," replied the other, unable entirely to conceal his vexation; "and it was not want of inclination that prevented my being here as early as yourself; but I live a great way off, as my cousin knows, and besides, my legs are not so long as yours."

Next to the annoyance of losing money, Gigandet dreaded nothing so much as any allusion to the length of his legs. His face was naturally too pale for anger to render it paler; but his brow contracted, his lips quivered, and with a haughty look and a contemptuous smile, he said, "Indeed, Cousin Baculard, I have not the slightest idea of questioning your eagerness; you puff too much to leave any doubt about the matter."

To understand this reply it must be known that Monsieur Baculard was in every respect the precise opposite of Monsieur Gigandet; he was fat, ruddy, and supported on very short legs a body of voluminous proportions. Though still young, he had become asthmatical.

At the age of thirty he had fancied himself in love with an heiress, as ugly as she was rich; but unfortunately, in the midst of a most passionate declaration his breath suddenly failed him, and the saucy damsel having taken advantage of this interruption to burst into a violent fit of laughter, Baculard, furious, determined to remain a bachelor, and was a little stoical on the score of his asthma, as was Gigandet with regard to his legs.

Mademoiselle Duperron, enconced in her easy chair, secretly enjoyed the fun; nevertheless, she dreaded a quarrel, and judged it prudent to interfere.

"Cousin Baculard," she said, "I am as confident of your affection as that of Cousin Gigandet, and am equally grateful for it. Yes, my friends, my worthy friends," she added, with animation, and extending towards them the only hand she was able to use, "you are both equally dear to me, and you shall both be remembered in my will."

This said, Mademoiselle Duperron thought she had acquired the right of being left alone, and signified to these gentlemen that she desired to make use of this privilege. Side by side they silently and thoughtfully descended the staircase, each thinking to himself whether for the future it would be better for them to remain enemies or become friends, when an unexpected incident decided them in favor of the latter alternative.

As they reached the vestibule, a young girl passed by them with rapid steps, and hastily ascended the staircase they had just left.

Her cotton dress, plain net cap, and thick shoes, did not bespeak wealth, and even had any doubts been entertained as to her social position, the band box which she carried in her hand was sufficient to dispel them.

But that shoe enclosed a foot so pretty, that dress fell round a form so light and graceful, such fine glossy hair escaped from beneath that simple cap, that on beholding her, no one could have wished for her a richer attire.

As she nimbly ascended the stairs, displaying at each step a well-formed ankle and the neat white stocking which covered it, the two cousins seemed rooted to the mat on which they stood. Gigandet, whose brow had darkened at sight of her, rudely interrupted with a nudge of his elbow the silent meditations of his companion.

"How you stare, cousin!" he said. "Between ourselves, one would hardly believe that you had sworn eternal hatred to all the sex!"

"Well, cousin, is it not said that the exception proves the rule?" asked Baculard. "What harm, then, would there be in proving the rule I have imposed upon myself by one trifling exception?"

"In favor of this little minx! You did not recognise her then?"

"Recognise her!" said Baculard. "I swear to you, cousin, that if I had seen her only once before——"

"In that case I pardon you. You are not aware that that little animal is the most dangerous enemy we have?"

"That child, Cousin Gigandet?"

"Yes, that child, for she is the daughter of William Duperron, our worthy relative's own nephew."

"Mercy!" cried Baculard starting.

"And you can easily understand that it is not without motive that she visits her grand-aunt with so gay an air on the feast of St. Agnes."

"I was not aware that she even knew her."

"This is treason, Cousin Baculard, and you do right to detest women. I, like yourself, know of what they are capable, and this one in particular. I think I see her now fawning round her aunt, assuming a soft tone when she speaks to her, cajoling, flattering, and doing a thousand mean things to gain her point. Old people are so weak-minded. Besides, she will not fail to take advantage of the fact of her being her niece. As if that were a reason. A mere shop girl! And shall we allow ourselves to be robbed in this manner of so noble an inheritance, Cousin Baculard?"

"Assuredly not!" exclaimed Baculard, to whom Gigandet had at length succeeded in communicating his indignation; "and rather than allow ourselves to be thus robbed—come, do you know of any means?"

"Perhaps I may," replied Gigandet. "Mademoiselle Duperron is a pious person, and is no doubt of very rigid principles, for she is seventy-four years of age. If she were to discover that her niece——"

"I understand you," interrupted Baculard, proud of giving this proof of his intelligence. "I will make inquiries."

"And whilst you are making inquiries, Mademoiselle Duperron will make her will, and this second attack of paralysis, which we hoped, and which I begin to fear—— We must steal a march, cousin! Heaven knows how much I detest falsehood; but what should we risk with so young, so poor, and so pretty a girl? Are they not all alike? First of all, and without losing a moment, let us assert the facts; by and by your inquiries will furnish us with the proofs."

Baculard found nothing to object to this conclusion. At a calmer moment they might both have asked themselves if it was certain that their young cousin did really ascend to the first floor to visit Mademoiselle Duperron, rather than to the second or the third. But avarice is a passion which sometimes confuses the understanding as much as love itself.

Two days afterwards Mademoiselle Duperron received a letter, written in an unknown hand and in a hypocritical style, the anonymous author of which declared himself unable, notwithstanding his repugnance to forbear enlightening her as to the shameful conduct of her grand-niece, Louise Duperron, who dishonored the name she bore by faults for which the jealousy of age has usually so little indulgence.

We must now take a hasty retrospect of the previous history of Mademoiselle Agnes Duperron.

This worthy lady was a native of Bourges, and daughter of the printer specially privileged by the archbishop. Her father had brought her up with great care, and in all the piety becoming his social position and the monopoly which he enjoyed.

Together with great personal beauty she had received from nature one of those voices of great compass, power, and brilliancy, which, when softened by cultivation, produce such great effects.

The organist of the cathedral, an intimate friend of her father's, gave the young Agnes instruction in music, and with such success, that scarcely any religious ceremony took place in which her voice did not resound through those sonorous vaults, the boldest perhaps which Gothic art has ever ventured to suspend in air.

Towards the year 1780 there happened to pass through Bourges a company of operatic performers, the first tenor of which so completely supplanted the organist in the mind of Agnes, that at the end of six months the vocal troop could boast of one more leading singer, while the department of Berry had one the less.

Agnes, who had been gifted with the happiest talent and most refined taste, grew weary of French music even more speedily than she had done of the Latin chaunts, and fled to Italy. There, under the name of the Signora Brambilla, she, in a short time, acquired a brilliant reputation, and did not resume her real name until she returned to France, still young but disgusted with the stage, and satisfied with the fortune she had already acquired.

She found at Bourges that her father was dead, and was now replaced by her elder brother; but not having announced that she had acquired a fortune, this brother declared that he would never recognise as a sister one who had dishonored her family.

Thinking she could not better punish this somewhat severe treatment, than by submitting to it in silence, she took up her abode in Paris, and so completely obliterated from her memory all recollection of the Duperrons of Bourges, that when the anonymous letter concocted by Baculard and Gigandet reached her, she was ignorant alike of the death of her brother, the utter ruin of her nephew, and the precarious situation of her grand-niece.

We must do the two cousins, whom chance had recently thrown in her way, the justice to acknowledge that they had never uttered to her a syllable on the subject.

It may now be understood how it was that Mademoiselle Duperron, in reaching that age when so much has to be regretted, had not at all events to regret lost time.

At fifty-five years of age, feeling the necessity of replacing by prudence the beauty she no longer possessed, she deliberated during three weeks whether she should enter the marriage state, or take up the practice of devotion, but she finally decided in favor of the latter alternative; and really her devotion was so easy and so light to bear, that to make use of a familiar expression of her own, it was an excellent cloak which one might put on when out, and leave in the ante-chamber when at home. Unfortunately for the conspiracy of our two friends, when she received their epistle she was in her bedroom.

"A Duperron a shop girl!" she exclaimed, raising at once both the hand and foot she was able to command.

"What can have happened to them? This girl at least is not like her grandfather, and will not, I presume, refuse to see me. But where is she to be found? A linen draper in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs!—Marcel, take my carriage, and go to all the linen drapers in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, until you find the one who has Mademoiselle Louise Duperron for an apprentice; when you have found this young girl, bring her to me with a parcel of anything they may have, pocket handkerchiefs, or neckties—no matter what."

Marcel had often succeeded in enterprises far more difficult than the present, and was not long before he returned with Louise.

"A pretty face," said Mademoiselle Agnes. "Do you not think, Marcel, she is a little like me?"

"I, madame!" exclaimed the young girl, terrified.

"Marcel," continued the old lady, smiling, "go and fetch the miniature which is on the drawing-room mantelpiece."

Marcel brought the portrait of the Signora Brambilla, in all the splendor of her youth, beauty, and fame.

"See, my child, whether you have so much to complain of, or whether I have paid you a bad compliment; there are worse likeness than this after all. Your name is Duperron—Louise Duperron?"

"Yes, madame," she replied.

"Your father was from Bourges?"

"He is there still, madam."

"And you are in Paris alone——"

"Alas! madame, we are so poor."

"With that face you must have many lovers."

"I, madame! I have but one lover, I assure you."

"Only one! just look now at their wicked tongues, or rather at their wicked pens. Only one lover, poor girl! And it is with him you make all those appointments of which I have heard?"

"Appointments!" exclaimed Louise, blushing. "Madame, I have appointed to meet him but once, and that was yesterday evening. I had so much to say to him."

"Only once?" said the old lady; "how wicked the world is! Good bye, my little friend; I am delighted to have seen you —— Oh! but—you must not have the trouble of coming here for nothing; that would not be fair. Try one of these necklaces."

"I, madame!" said Louise.

"Yes, I shall see better how it suits," said Mademoiselle Duperron. "Not bad, by any means. It is charming so—— Keep it, my child, and, in exchange, come and give me a kiss; and if any one asks you where you come from, say, 'from my old Aunt Agnes.'"

"And is that really you, madame?" asked Louise.

"Call me aunt," said Mademoiselle Duperron; "and come and dine with me next Sunday, and don't forget to bring your lover with you!"

Some weeks elapsed, and the second attack of paralysis, as Gigandet had foretold, came at last. Another week passed; and when the last rites were over, the two cousins, only summoned by the notary of the deceased, changed countenance on perceiving beside the fireplace their most dangerous enemy, Louise Duperron.

"Gentlemen," said the notary, in his most solemn tone, and clad in his suit of finest black, "my late client, Mademoiselle

Duperron, placed in my hands a will, which I am now about to read to you."

He sat down, slowly unfolded the precious document, coughed three times, and read as follows:—

"I, the undersigned, etc., wishing to give to each of the members of my family, whom I have known, a token of the affection with which they have inspired me, desire that my property may be divided amongst them in the following manner:—

"First, I bequeath to my cousin, Gigandet, my bedroom tongs: they are the longest and the thinnest in my house.

"Secondly, I bequeath to my cousin, Baculard, my drawingroom bellows: they are the largest in my possession.

"The remainder of my property I will to my beloved niece, Louise Duperron, who is especially charged with the execution of the above-mentioned legacies."

"Gentlemen," said Louise, rising. But Gigandet had already heard too much. "Go to the deuce," he cried, "you and your actress of an aunt!"

Baculard puffed with more vehemence even than when he made his declaration of love.

"Gentlemen," said the notary, eyeing the rotundity of the one and the legs of the other, "keep your own counsel and we promise you secrecy."

I have reason to believe, however, that they did not take the hint.

A Heroine of '76.

BY M. B.

I DON'T like to hear the noise of those hammers. The dull sound of laboring picks breaks upon the ear with monotonous regularity.

They are making tracks for a railroad, and I am not pleased with the "improvement," as some call it, for a pleasant farm house and its surrounding fields that sloped from high and undulating hills have vanished for ever before its nod.

The great genius of enterprise, with his ugly shears of commerce is clipping at the poor wings of poetry and romance, till, I fear, by-and-by, they will have power only to flap along the ground, their ethereal faculties chained down to stock-taking and invoices.

I am sorry the house has gone, for there were some recollections connected with its history, for the sake of which it would be pleasant could it have been spared.

An old, red farm house, surrounded by fields of waving corn in the autumn time, and overhung by the branches of fruit trees, golden with the fullness of time, is a sight of picturesque beauty in a rich valley; especially if a lofty mountain looms up in the background, or a chain of forest trees stretches away into the clear, mellow atmosphere beyond.

In that farmhouse before us—I am speaking now as if it stood in the old spot—the widow of noble Captain Pierpont lived some twenty years ago. The lady was a fine specimen of "old-time women;" dignified, even commanding in manner, with a fresh bloom upon her cheek, a finely-moulded forehead, and a deep, earnest expression in her yet bright eyes.

She was a woman of refined and cultivated mind, who in youth had known no stint of wealth, and who had never, till she emigrated to the wilderness of the New World, soiled her white fingers even with household work.

Father and husband were both dead. The remains of the former reposed in another country beneath a marble monument; the latter had now slept two years in the little burying-ground beside the wooden church in sight of the red farmhouse, and a small gray stone marked the spot where his ashes mingled with the dust.

One day, during the hardest campaign of our sturdy soldiers, the widow Pierpont was alone at the farm. Pomp, a negro servant, had gone on some errand, which would detain him till nightfall; and Alock, the hired man, had wounded his hand in the morning with an axe, so that he was quite disabled, and obliged to return to his home about a mile distant, which, by the way, was the nearest homestead to the old red farmhouse.

The widow's four brave sons, of ages varying from eighteen to twenty-six, had started but two days previously for the field of their country's battle.

While the widow anticipated that in all probability some, perhaps all, of her treasures would be smitten by the ruthless hand of war, her cheek was still unblanched, and a holy hope sat in the repose of her beautiful features.

Only now and then she turned to the open Bible before her, and read a few consoling passages, and straightway resumed her work with a trusting smile. Ah patriotism found an enduring home in many such a gentle breast!

Suddenly from the distance came a sound like the trampling of horses' feet, and a great cloud of dust betokened the approach of travelers hurrying to their destination.

The widow moved to the door, and shading her eyes from the intense sunshine, watched their progress. They drew nearer, and in another moment three horsemen wheeled up before the door and alighted.

They were military costumes, and were all good-looking men. The foremost gentleman far exceeded the others by his imposing figure and the expression of his countenance. It needed no introduction to assure the widow that this was George Washington. With that courtesy which always characterized him he bowed gracefully to the widow as he blandly asked if he could find rest and refreshment.

"Our horses are wearied. We have ridden since nine this morning, and would fain recruit," he added.

"Certainly, gentlemen, and welcome," she replied, smilingly, throwing wide open the inner door as they dismounted.

"Our poor beasts!" said one of the officers, patting his smoking horse. "I would they could be attended to immediately. Is there a groom or a servant about your house, madam, who could rub them down and feed them? I will reward him liberally."

"We require no reward in this household, sir," replied the widow; "if you will lead the horses round, they shall be cared for."

The animals were conducted to the stable, and there left, although the officer looked in vain for indications that there were men stirring in the place.

"Make yourself perfectly comfortable, gentlemen," said the widow, "and excuse me while I prepare you refreshments. You must be hungry as well as fatigued."

In another moment the widow was in the stable unsaddling the poor horses—work to which she was not accustomed, but which she nevertheless could do in time of need, being a woman of strong muscular frame and great energy.

She knew it must be done by herself, or not at all. As for the men and horses, they were completely jaded out. She with clean straw rubbed the animals down with her own hands, led them into their stalls, and prepared and gave them food.

After changing her dress, she returned to the parlor, where the officers having unbuckled their swords and donned their caps, sat conversing together, evidently enjoying a delightful rest.

As the widow stepped over the threshold of the room, one of the officers was just remarking to his companions, "He was one of my best men, and as fine-looking a young fellow as ever volunteered."

"Do you speak of young Pierpoint?" asked another.

"Yes, he fell yesterday, pierced by three balls. Poor fellow! it was a hard fate for such a boy."

For one moment the cheek of the woman was blanched—the heart of the mother shocked; but she spoke almost calmly as she asked, "Which of them was it, sir?"

"Henry Pierpont, if I am not mistaken. Was he known to you?"

Was he known to her? Oh! the torture that followed that question! Henry! her noble first-born; he who had taken the place of the dead at their board, and with a gravity beyond his years carried out the plans his father left unfinished!

And now his blue eyes were closed for ever—his bright locks soiled in the dust. Oh! the thought was anguish! A deathly faintness came over her, but she rallied with a great effort, and said as calmly as before, as she turned her head away, "He was my son, sir."

They did not see the widow's face as she walked quickly but firmly from the room.

"Now, Heaven forgive me! I feel as if I had done a cowardly thing," murmured the officer, while his lips grew pale with emotion. "Coming here to partake of this woman's hospitality, I have cruelly stabbed her to the heart."

"You are not to blame, my friend," said Washington, in his deep tones, in which was blended a sudden pathos. "Neither, if I read her aright, would she recall the child, who has bravely fallen in his country's cause. That is no common woman. Her very face speaks of her soul's nobility. Mark me, when you see her again she will be tearless; no word of sorrow will issue from her lips.

"Our mothers—our wives, I am proud to say it—are heroines in this trying period. And this," he continued, pointing to the Bible, "this is the secret of their greatness. Wherever you behold that volume opened, bearing evidence of constant perusal, there you will find woman equal to any emergency. I repeat it, when we meet her again, she will be calm and tearless, although a mother bereaved of her child."

And so it was. The widow had schooled her grief for the time into a sudden and sacred submission; and when the officers were called into another room, to partake of the smoking viands she had prepared, they found her collected, unchanged in manner, and serene in countenance.

The officer, from whom the news had so rudely burst, was lost in admiration of her conduct, and was often heard to say, subsequently, that he venerated woman the more for her sake.

Towards night the trio departed, thanking their kind hostess with grateful hearts for her courtesy. They found their horses ready saddled, and were forced to the conjecture that she had herself performed the duty of ostler.

General Washington kindly took her hand before he mounted his charger, and addressed her tenderly and affectionately. Tears came to the eyes of his officers as they listened; but though an increasing pallor spread over the widow's face, she said, "I am thankful, thankful to my God, sir, that He has deemed me worthy of demanding of me my first-born in this glorious struggle; he was ready, sir—ready for life or death."

But when they had gone, and she returned to the silence of that lone house, the mother wept exceeding bitter tears. Let us draw a curtain before her sacred anguish!

Farewell, old Pierpont House, with your carpet of mallows and old-fashioned flowers in old fashioned pots! I feel sad at the thought that I shall never again see your open door wreathed with vines, whereon hung clusters of luxuriant grapes; nor your windows on the lower floor, all opened, with their curtains of snowy muslin floating with a dreamy, undulating motion in the pleasant breeze.

HIS OTHER NAME.—Mark Train gave the following anecdote of Artemus Ward in one of his best lectures:

As Artemus was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down, and said:

"Did you hear that last thing of Horace Greeley's?"

"Greeley, Greeley," said Artemus—"Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

The man was quite about five minutes. Very soon he said:

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a bastile?"

"Train, Train, George Francis Train," said Artemus, solemnly; "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes, then he said:

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant, Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any one I ever saw."

The man was furious; he walked up the car, but at last came back and said:

"You confounded ignoramus! did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said:

"What was his other name?"

WHY HE RAN.—A lively story of the doings of a novice in a California mine is told by a San Francisco paper. Major McLaughlin put a new man at drying out dynamite in his mine.

"Now," said the major, "you must be sure and keep your eye on the thermometer in the heater. If it gets above eighty-five degrees, you're liable to hear a noise round here. When it reaches eighty-five degrees, you have just three minutes to work, for it takes it just three minutes to rise to eighty-five."

An hour later the major returned to see how the man at the heater was faring.

"Well, how is it getting along?" he inquired.

"Oh, first-rate!"

"Do you watch the thermometer?"

"You bet your life I do! And I'm keeping her down."

The major went to the heater and pulled out the thermometer. "Whew! She's up to eighty-four!" he remarked.

"There—that'll fix it!" said the novice, as he dipped the thermometer into a bucket of cold water and replaced it in the heater. Then he wondered what McLaughlin was running for.

Scientific and Useful.

HICCOUGHS.—A new method of stopping hiccoughs is said to have been accidentally discovered in a French hospital. It consists in thrusting the tongue out of the mouth and holding it thus for a short time.

PAPER PIPES.—It is claimed that paper-pulp water pipes have been tried in London with success. Besides being durable and inexpensive, they are free from the usual corroding influences affecting metal pipes, and, moreover, are free from the electrolytic effects of the electric current employed in street railway systems.

IN DISHABIL.—An English professor recommends to persons suffering from dyspepsia, consumption and anæmia, or any who need to take on flesh, to eat very thin slices of bread and butter. The idea is that it induces people to eat much more butter, a quality of fat most essential to their nutrition, in a form against which they will not rebel.

INFANT ALARM.—A French inventor has devised a curious electrical alarm for infants. It consists of a microphonic circuit breaker placed near the head of the child in its cradle and connected with an electric bell. A cry from the child will actuate the instrument and will thus cause the bell to ring, awakening the attention of mother or nurse.

CLOTHES HOOKS.—A practical innovation has been introduced in a Berlin restaurant, where the clothes-hooks are arranged in such a way that, after hanging a coat on them, they can be locked by means of a snap lock in the upper hook or hat-rack. Regular guests receive a key, while transient guests have to ask the waiter to return to them their overcoats. Since the introduction of this patent hook, not an overcoat has been stolen in the place, while previous to that time considerable trouble arose both to the proprietors and guests because of sneak thieves. The new hook is very simple; the lower part of it is on a hinge, and the lock is attached to the upper arm, being out of harm's way.

Farm and Garden.

CATTLE.—Cattle suffer severely from flies and other insects at this season, the cows being so annoyed and restless that they will frequently fall off in yield of milk. The stables must be kept clean and all breeding places of flies prevented as much as possible. It will pay to have mosquito netting on every window, and the stalls should be well littered with clean straw every night.

RUN DOWN FARMS.—When one buys a run-down farm at a low price he must expect to expend quite a sum before the farm will begin to pay. In the hands of an intelligent farmer such a farm may be made first class in a few years, but the farmer who aims to make a poor farm pay by taking crops from it without an expenditure for plant food will only make himself and the land poorer.

HORSES.—One of the effects of the low price of horses is the banishment of the "plug." It must be admitted that better horses are seen in all sections and the fact that farmers have been deterred from breeding more horses because of the prevailing low prices is proof that prices will soon be higher. The farmers who have foals this year will no doubt receive good returns therefrom when the colts mature.

THISTLES.—When thistles get full possession of the ground it is difficult to eradicate them. They should be plowed under before they bloom. If the land is seeded to Hungarian grass the thistles will be cut off with every mowing of the grass, and as Hungarian grass crowds every other kind out of existence, the thistles will not have much chance. Plow the land in the fall, turning under the Hungarian grass sod; plow again in the spring, and then cultivate the land to early potatoes, keeping them clean with both hoe and cultivator. This requires two years' work, but gives the thistles no opportunity to recuperate.

IN DURING the past Sixty Years and longer Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant has been bringing relief to the thousands who have used it for Bronchitis, Asthma, &c., would it not be wisdom for you to give it a trial now? It has cured others, why not you? The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

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Aids to Memory.

Of all the special helps which have been laid from time to time before the public, with a view to mental self-improvement, the most unfortunate and the worst conceived have been the different treatises published under the title of "Memoria Technica, or Aids to Memory.

There is no need of calling in question the temporary benefit which some of them may have conferred in particular cases, and where a particular object was in view. It is probable that even these rare instances of advantage would be found, on examination, to have been very dearly purchased, though this has nothing to do with the present inquiry.

The point which we have to keep in sight is, that—speaking absolutely—these technical aids cannot help being pernicious, because they go upon an entirely false principle. The principle which lies at their foundation is this: that memory is little or nothing more than the result of association; whereas the truth is, that memory is the result of impression; which impression is conveyed on to the mind by a hundred different agencies, of which association is but one.

Therefore, by raising the single method of association beyond its due rank as a part of the whole, and by setting it up as if it were itself the whole, a sort of violence is perpetrated upon the mind, which demands in reality a very different treatment.

Let us briefly recall a few of the ordinary modes by which impressions are received; in other words, let us review some of the usual aspects under which memory is seen to act.

First in order, as in dignity, we will place what may be called the memory of substance, as distinguished from the memory of detail. We say first in dignity, because the possession of this sort of memory denotes, more forcibly than any other does, a masculine quality of mind in all who possess it.

Everyone knows what it is to fall in with a person so endowed, and to find that though he may be very backward in the minor matters of a book, he has mastered once for all the sinew and the muscle of it. He may know nothing of the author's reputation or previous works; he is ignorant of the date, the publisher's name, and even the exact wording of the title; but he will reproduce, well and vigorously, all the leading arguments and positions of the book.

The opposite of this kind of memory is what we may here call the memory of detail. It is the sign of a feminine cast of intellect, and exhibits all the useful point, as well as the defects, which belong to that type. It is obviously a useful thing to take readily the impression of names, whether relating to persons or places, of dates, of titles, of different forms of expression, and of numberless other matters, which have a relative importance, though they are little in themselves.

Distinct from these more general classifications, there are kinds of memory which depend more directly upon the senses. The power of remembering a face or a figure, only once and perhaps hastily seen, is a case in point. This power is invariably dependent upon a keen eye.

The story of Cineas, the plenipotentiary sent by Pyrrhus to the Roman Senate, supplies a ready illustration. On the evening of his arrival at Rome, this diplomatist was entertained at a banquet, at which all the leading senators were present. The next morning, when all assembled again for the transaction of state affairs, Cineas was able to address every one of them accurately by name.

The last specialty that we shall notice is the same which has been so violently treated by the technical aids; it is the memory of association. Every one who has a memory at all, receives or retains some of its impressions by means of associated ideas; and this fact, though wholly inadequate to defend the artificial aids, is nevertheless the only available argument which can be used in their defence.

And now that we have seen something of that infinite variety of methods by which impressions lay hold of the mind and establish themselves there, it will not be without practical advantage to search about, and to see if some natural aid does not lie at hand, which may do for strong purpose what the artificial aids vainly pretend to do.

First of all, it would seem to be a very natural proceeding, considering that the force of the impression is everything, to question oneself about the particular moulds which are most easily impressed upon one's own mind, and the particular ways in which the impression is taken.

We are not now speaking about business uses of the memory, when a certain amount of matter has to be impressed upon the mind by a given time. The remarks which follow will furnish valuable hints for occasions of that kind; but it is clearly the will which has then chiefly to be called into exercise. Well-nerved resolution and energy are then in demand, no matter whether the impressions in question be received easily or with difficulty.

But in all voluntary developments of the memory, which are undertaken directly as vigorous exercises of that quality, or generally with a view to mental profit and amusement, too much care cannot be given to follow the lead of impression. For instance, supposing the object proposed is to learn a poem or a ballad of some length. After it has once been read through, certain stanzas, or certain points in the progress of the poem, will be found to have made, naturally and without effort, a deeper impression than others.

These should be fixed upon as landmarks or stepping-stones, and established first in the memory; and, by gradually adding on to them what goes before or what follows—observing all the while, and using, any new points which strike the attention—the whole poem will slip naturally and easily into the mental register, almost without any conscious exercise of will in the transaction.

A second dictate of nature remains to be briefly noticed, which is, that steady and rational practice will be just as certain a training of the memory, as it is of the bodily powers.

This opens the way for a parting word of advice against any approach to hurry in receiving impressions that are intended to be permanent. The remark is nearly as old as literature, that to force the memory is like bolting one's food. The bad results of such unnatural treatment in the case of children are too plain to demand a single word upon the subject.

And, in the case of any one who is desirous of training the powers of recollection, it may be briefly laid down that that which is learnt only by strong effort will be remembered only by stronger; but that whatever has been suffered by natural and gradual means to grow into the memory, will assuredly, if it be watered by practice, take root there with an energy proportioned to the vigor of the mental soil.

SERVICE for one's fellow-men exalts all other aims; it gives zest to them, it purifies them. It rules out selfishness, but not self-culture, not self-control, not self-respect; all these must be kept and nourished to enrich a life of service. Unselfish in its very essence, it yet teaches and enforces the duty of making the most and best of ourselves, not merely for our own gratification or gain or fame, but that we may thus be most truly able to serve the world. Thrice happy and blessed is he who cherishes this high aim, and who lives the noblest of all lives—a life of service.

THE desire to rise in life is universal. In some form or other it is the mainspring of human activity. It encourages industry, inspires enthusiasm, develops power, kindles energy. Thus it is not merely a legitimate desire, to be simply tolerated, but a necessary one, to be fully recognized and stimulated. Without it the man would be less a man, the woman less a woman, and society by so much the loser.

THAT kind of success which consists in heaping up money, as popularity, or knowledge, solely for selfish gratification, is rotten at the core, and will soon fail, even in its own unworthy aim; but that which gains it that it may distribute, and obtains light that it may illumine, is the only sound and real prosperity, and is that which determines the value of each man and each woman to the community in which they dwell.

ONE of the meanest beings on earth is a toady. The bluntest, roughest creature that independence ever made is preferable to a fawning, cringing toady, who, for the sake of money or favor, praises what he detests, flatters without admiring, changes his opinions at a nod, and would lick the dust from the shoes of one in power could he further his own ends thereby.

A MAN'S moral character cannot be really elevated by external force. People may awaken and inspire and help each other by their interest, sympathy, advice, and influence; but, if the character is to be built up into fair and beautiful proportions, it must be by the personal force of the individual himself.

TALENT and worth are the only lasting grounds of distinction. To these the Almighty has fixed His everlasting patent of nobility; and these it is which make the bright immortal names to which all may aspire.

HE who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your old, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There is no deception in a bull-dog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

PRIDE, ill-nature, and want of sense are the three great sources of ill manners; without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience.

USEFUL knowledge can have no enemies except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z.—Statisticians or medical authorities have failed to inform the world at large what is the "largest quantity of whisky an average man can take without doing himself actual harm."

F. D. G.—Alexander of Macedonia has no claims to greatness compared to those of Cæsar. Alexander was only a successful military leader. Cæsar would have been great even if he had never fought a battle.

READER.—The use of solid shot in warfare has been practically given up. The projectile of to-day is a conical shell of steel, hollow and sometimes loaded with powder so as to explode, or by a time fuse. It is wonderfully different from the shell of twenty-five years ago.

T. T. R.—A very diligent search in books devoted to the origin or signification of various ancient customs has failed to reveal the meaning conveyed by the presentation of the little finger of either hand to one's lady love when bidding her good-bye. Perhaps the gentleman who holds a first mortgage on your heart is an inventive genius, and having evolved this idea from his own brain, is the only one who can lift the veil of mystery and give the true meaning of his actions.

R. L. G.—We are not quite sure that we understand exactly what you mean by an education which enables the young to face the evil that is in the world. The best antidote to what is bad is a love of what is good—the formation of a high ideal of manly conduct. That does not need any minute acquaintance with the shady side of life. A wise education would certainly include such a general knowledge of evil as would have a warning effect, but the investigation of immorality under the guise of a love of knowledge is usually one of the sickliest of shams.

ZOO.—1. In menageries giraffes are fed on grain, corn, carrots and hay. Travelers who have seen them in their native haunts say that they are much prettier than when kept in captivity. 2. Zirafah, an Arabic word signifying long neck, is the one from which the English name of giraffe is derived, and is given on account of the extraordinary development in length of that portion of the beast. 3. According to the most trustworthy records the first giraffe ever brought to modern Europe was in 1827, when the Pacha of Egypt presented one to the Parisian authorities.

C. J. S.—There is no reason in philosophy why dew should make the skin fair, when bathed in it, any more than rain or any soft water. It is the rising early and taking the fresh air to get the dew that improves the complexion. No, dew does not fall from the sky, it is the condensed vapor that rises from the earth in the day. It does not rise high, but floats in the atmosphere, and when the sun goes down and the air gets chilled the vapor is condensed and falls in fine mist to the earth. It is more plentiful when there are no clouds, because clouds radiate back to the earth as much heat as the earth gives out and keeps up an equilibrium.

D. N.—The story of the courtship of Miles Standish, made famous by the poet Longfellow, is as follows:—The wife of Miles Standish, who went with the pilgrims in the Mayflower, died soon after her arrival in America. The impetuous Captain Miles was dreary during the winter succeeding her death, and sent his young friend, John Alden, to make an offer of marriage for him to a comely pilgrim maiden named Priscilla Mullens. When she had been informed of the request of the Plymouth captain by the lips of his trusted friend, she looked at the young man, and asked him why he did not speak for himself. The messenger blushed and retired, because he did not wish to be false to his trust; but it was not long before an understanding was arrived at between the young people, and in the course of time a happy wedding took place.

GODIVA.—The question you ask about your son is one of the two most difficult that are ever propounded to us. The most difficult of all is that of suggesting remunerative work to be done by women at home. The next most difficult is your own, "To what trade can a boy be apprenticed with a feeling of security as to the trade remaining a good one?" We can quite understand your perplexity, for we have felt it again and again on behalf of those who have consulted us. You wish to find an occupation that will be permanently remunerative but one that entails only a short apprenticeship and that gives scope for artistic tastes. We do not know of any such occupation. Year by year the pressure into all departments of work that require artistic skill and taste becomes greater from those who have means to pay a liberal premium and undergo a thorough apprenticeship. The success or failure of a lad put to any of the kinds of work required for illustrating books depends so much upon his skill and taste in drawing and his ability to adapt himself to progressive processes that we feel reluctant to advise with only a very general idea of the lad's capabilities to guide us. You will want to apprentice him at home. Your best plan, then, would be to make direct inquiries of the firms that would be likely to accept him as an apprentice. Anxious thoughts about the turns that trades may take in the distant future is of no practical value, since changes cannot be forecast. The better plan is to try close at home to apprentice the boy to a good firm, and trust to his sharpness to adapt himself to changing methods in the future, and to find and follow his true bent.

THE PARTING.

BY F. C.

Our love first bloom'd when sorrows loom'd,—
  Ah! need I be telling
That, when so form'd, 'tis rarely scorn'd,
  As rarely leaves its dwelling?
Then do not grieve, hope and believe:
  Bright days we yet may see;
The same kind Power that tends each flower,
  Will watch o'er you and me.

But ah! should all thou fear'st befall
  (Darling, my heart's now fainting),
And Death divide me from the bride
  And sweet home joys I'm painting,
He whom we trust will watch our dust;
  And this our stay will be—
At end of time a voice Divine
  Will welcome thee and me.

A Hum-Drum Girl.

BY M. B

WINIFRED LOVELL was described as a hum-drum girl—that is to say in the rare moments in which she was discussed at all. There are some people who do not need to be pushed into the background; they go there of their own free will, and Winifred was one of these.

How it was that she had gradually become a person of so little consequence in her family and the neighborhood, she would have found it hard to say herself. Being the eldest daughter of Mr. Lovell of Lasworth Park, she ought, on once coming out, to have taken up a position for herself and kept it.

But there were too many treading on her heels. One by one her four sisters followed in her footsteps and came out, taking society by storm with their beauty and wit and totally eclipsing their quiet and less brilliant elder sister, who sank into insignificance by their side.

Not that she minded, indeed she accepted the background as her natural position, and from that standpoint admired her lovely sisters and took more pride in them than any of the people round about.

And this adoration was very acceptable to the younger Miss Lovells. "Poor Winifred," they would say, they always spoke of her as "poor," "was so good-natured, she would do anything she was asked—they really did not know what they would do without her."

And people came and went at Lasworth and admired the tasteful draperies, the charming recesses formed by the quaint corners of the old house, that, decorated so artistically, broke up the square look of a room and formed such delightful recesses for tete-a-tetes.

Yes, they admired it all and the arrangements of the flowers and different colored foliage with which the whole place was so lavishly filled, and all the credit of it fell to the lovely quartette, Lily and Mary, Olive and Rose; no one would have imagined that the effect was solely produced by Miss Lovell's tasteful fingers, that quiet Miss Lovell was not up to anything and could never be made to see a joke.

But after all, Winifred was not quite forlorn, and there was one person at least who appreciated her to the full and would rather be in her company than in that of any of her noisy, laughing sisters—and that person was Mr. Lovell.

Many hours would the two spend together going round Lasworth—his ancestral home which he loved—discoursing on the advisability of taking a tree away here and so obtain a peep through at the lovely valley below, or planting another where the gale had torn its predecessor up, roots and all, for Lasworth Park lay among the Cotswold Hills and there was but little soil for the roots to take hold. Winifred's decision weighed more with her father than that of the greatest landscape gardener in the world.

Changes had lately taken place in the county, for old Lord Cranby, the largest landowner and richest man round about, had died, and his grandson had come to reign in his stead.

Perhaps the excitement was greater because the present earl was so little known—for he was of a roving disposition, and had spent at least a third of his life in foreign countries—and everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation to find out what he was like That he was thirty-six years of age and unmarried was the utmost they could glean about him. All around conspired to bid him welcome.

The news of his advent did not much affect Winifred—why should it? What difference should a man more or less in the neighborhood make to her? She listened as her sisters discussed Lord Cranby and smiled to herself as she saw the extra care with which they adorned themselves before starting for the garden-party where they were to meet him for the first time.

But when the carriage drove off she dismissed all such trivial matters from her thoughts and turned and wandered into her beloved flower-garden now one blaze of color and filling the whole air with fragrance.

The "Lovell Quartette," as the girls were invariably called, returned from the garden-party in even higher spirits than they had gone.

"Lord Cranby was there, Winifred," cried Lily, as she stood arranging her pretty fair curls in the glass and examining herself to see if she had looked her best this afternoon. "And oh! such a good-looking man—very dark eyes, a bronzed face, and his hair nearly grey! He asked," with a little gratified smile at her reflection, "he asked to be introduced to me."

"He asked to be introduced to us all," broke in Mary sharply. "One would think Lily was the only one he spoke to. Why, he and I played croquet together for a long time."

"And you did play badly," cried Rose, laughing. "I was ashamed for the credit of the family that he should have seen such a shocking specimen of Lasworth play. Why, you missed a ball every time!" and Violet joined in her derisive laughter too.

Mary turned round hotly and Winifred hastened to intervene.

"And what did you think of the newcomer, Olive?" she asked.

"Oh, Olive!" struck in the sharp-tongued Rose again, "I don't suppose she even saw Lord Cranby. She was not visible the whole afternoon, and, funnily enough, Mr. Shepherd was missing too!"

Winifred smiled at Olive's blushing face. She was perhaps her favorite sister, being less selfish than the others and more in accord with her own nature. To be sure Mr. Shepherd the curate would not be a very brilliant match, but if Olive liked him, what did that matter?

The weeks rolled on; August took his departure and September was growing old. Winifred had had plenty opportunities for studying Lord Cranby, for he was in and out of Lasworth very often, but she reserved her opinion, for she could not exactly make him out.

She spoke to him very little, for as usual when any stranger was present she effaced herself and took up her old position in the background—a standpoint nevertheless from which she could perceive most that was going on.

And Lord Cranby puzzled her. That some attraction drew him to the house was obvious, but then who was the magnet? He seemed to treat all her sisters alike and paid one no more attention than the others—what did it all mean?

And now his visit to Cranby Towers was narrowing to a dreadfully short space of time. It was the 23rd of September, and in two days he was going north to spend two or three weeks visiting, preparatory to wintering in Ceylon.

He was dining with them to-night, and Winifred half unconsciously watched him with anxious eyes. But two or three times, whether by magnetic instinct or not, he had looked up and caught her glance, and ashamed of her scrutiny she had turned her eyes away in confusion.

"It is the Houghtons' dance to-morrow," said Lily, as they were all sitting after dinner in the drawingroom, "you are going of course, Lord Cranby?"

"Eh?" he answered, starting from a reverie, "the Houghtons' dance." "Oh, yes, I received an invitation. You will be there?"

"Oh," struck in Mary, emphatically, "we are all going," she would not allow Lily to take the pronoun in the singular. "We have been asked to drive over after lunch to-morrow, and to stay the night. It would be such a long way to come home and so dark too."

"All going? Miss Lovell too?"

Winifred shook her head and Mary laughed.

"Winifred never goes to dances," she said in rather a slighting tone.

"Lily, I cannot find that book on fossils I was reading," said Mr. Lovell, turning the volumes over on the table. "I want to show Lord Cranby a passage. I wish you would see if I left it in the library."

"Oh, bother!" cried Lily, sotto voce. She was sitting next the guest and did not wish to vacate her position. She knew she would find Mary in her chair when she returned.

"Winifred, father has lost his book, do go and look for it, he will never leave off worrying until it is found," and Winifred rose and went at once.

"I can't stand fussy people, can you?" went on Lily, turning to Lord Cranby. "They always get on my nerves."

"Are you talking of your father?" surprised.

"Yes," laughing. "I can never stay in a room long when he is in it. He nearly drives me mad!" And she glanced archly at her companion, expecting a vigorous disclaimer that she could ever be put out, and her pretty brows met in a frown when no answer came.

It took Winifred some time to find the book, and when she returned everybody in the drawingroom seemed to have changed places. Rose was at the piano playing soft dreamy music and Lord Cranby sat silent by her side, Lily and Olive were having rather a noisy discussion the other side of the room, and Mr. Lovell lay in his easy chair nearly asleep.

"Here is your book, dad," said Winifred going up to him brightly. "I found it under a pile of papers—you really must learn to be more tidy," and she looked up laughingly as Mr. Lovell thanked her and patted her hand, but she started and her smile died on her lips as she caught Lord Cranby looking at her across the room—regarding her with intense scrutiny through half-closed eyes.

She was not used to being stared at, and she began wondering why she should so often find his glance wandering in her direction. She peered in the glass when she went up to bed that night to see if she could find anything wrong—a hairpin out of place or a lock of hair uncoiled—something to justify that piercing scrutiny. But no—the small pale oval face looked just the same as usual and the abundance of dark hair had kept within its proper bounds.

And so Winifred went to sleep still mystified.

* * * * * *

Winifred stood in the porch watching her family as they drove away en route to the Houghtons'. She was left all alone in the house, for much against his will Mr. Lovell had been dragged off too, to be present at the festivities, and so Winifred had the whole afternoon and evening to herself. She leant against the stone archway and wondered what she should do.

It was a glorious September afternoon and a sense of drowsiness pervaded the air, but Winifred threw off the feeling, and fetching her hat, determined to wander off to to the woods which covered the uplands opposite. Down into the valley she wended her way, starting the sheep into a sharp run as she drew near, while numberless rabbits scurried away at her approach.

The hill was very steep and the sun beat down fiercely on her head, but still Winifred persevered—she felt that the delicious coolness of the shady woods was worth any trouble to reach. She paused for breath when she got to the top and sat down and rested on a trunk of a tree which lay alongside the drive.

Far down below was the valley from which she had come, looking blue and hazy in the distance, and on her right were the woods—her much-desired goal—where the leaves were already beginning to turn, and shone gold and red beneath the afternoon sun.

Winifred was tired, and perhaps the soft cooing of the wood-pigeons acted as a lullaby—anyhow she drifted off to sleep unaware, and awoke with a start to find she was not alone.

Someone was standing over her and looking down at her with a smile.

She rubbed her eyes in astonishment as she met Lord Cranby's eyes. "How ever did you come here?" she said, hastening to rise from her lowly position.

He assisted her with one hand, while with the other he still held his horse's reins.

"Have you had a nice sleep?" he asked, smiling again, "you seemed so tired I did not like to disturb you."

"Have I been asleep long?" she asked.

"Ah, that I cannot say. I have only just come up myself, and I could not resist dismounting when I saw you. You see I am going north to-morrow—so I came to say good bye."

"Oh," she cried, "what a pity the others are all out; they will be so sorry to have missed you. They have gone over to the Houghtons' for the dance—I thought they told you they were going early last night."

"Did they? Then I suppose I was not attending properly, so you see it is my own fault."

"But I am so sorry," in a voice of concern, "that you should have ridden over for nothing."

"For nothing? Do you mean then that I am to go back again? Go home without my tea? You cannot surely be so inhospitable?"

She laughed nervously and looked away.

"I did not think you would care to come," she said. "I shall be only too delighted if you will stay for a little while, for otherwise I shall be all alone."

They walked on together slowly down the drive, Lord Cranby leading his horse. A horrible feeling of shyness had descended on Winifred which struck her dumb. What should she talk about to this man? She hoped—oh, how she hoped he would not stay long. Oh, for one of her sister's ever-ready tongues, which never in all their lives had experienced such a sudden stroke of paralysis as hers was afflicted with now.

"Why have you not gone to the Houghtons' to-day?" he asked suddenly.

"I? Oh, I never go to dances now."

"Don't you care for it?"

"Yes," regretfully, "I used to be very fond of dancing, but it is a long time since I went to a ball."

"Why have you given it up?" with a quick frown.

"You see," she sighed, "there are so many of us, we could not go out five."

"But you always stay at home," impatiently. "Why don't you take it in turns?"

She looked surprised.

"Oh, I don't mind—the girls enjoy themselves much more than I ever should. I am quite happy here alone."

Lord Cranby checked his stride—it had grown so quick that her faltering footsteps could scarcely keep up with him. He checked his tongue too—he would have liked to have said something, but forbore.

Again silence fell on the two. The drive was a mile in length, but to Winifred it seemed double; she could think of nothing to say, and he too remained dumb.

But when they had arrived at the house and tea was brought in, matters grew better. Lord Cranby threw himself into a comfortable chair and appeared so much at home that Winifred, perforce, felt more at her ease, and her tongue was loosed.

"There is quite an excitement in our lower regions to-day," she said. "The housemaid was married to the head gardener this morning, and there have been great festivities up at his cottage."

"Indeed. And did you see the wedding?"

"Yes," smiling, "and some of the costumes were so funny. But," with a little sigh, "I don't think I ever saw two people looking more happy."

Lord Cranby helped himself to a cucumber sandwhich.

"I wonder how long it will last?" he said dryly.

"Don't," she cried, "you are horrid when you talk like that. Why should not their happiness last?"

He looked at her for a few minutes through half-closed eyes in the characteristic way he had.

"Do you believe in the immortality of love?" he asked incontinently.

She wrinkled her brows.

"People have different ideas about falling in love," she answered gravely. "With some," thinking of her sisters, "it is only a question of a few weeks, and then they prefer another person better. But I do not call that love, do you?" looking up at him with serious eyes.

He shook his head.

"It is only base metal," he said, "not the true gold. But you haven't answered my question yet."

"Whether I believe in the immorality of love? Well, yes, I suppose I do—at least, I think if I were to love anyone at all it would be for always."

He leant his face on his hands and looked across at her over the table.

"And have you ever loved anyone at all?" he said, and his voice dropped his careless tone, and he waited eagerly for her answer.

But she laughed in amusement.

"I? No, I am twenty-eight, and am too old for such frivolities. Have you?"

Her question startled him, but he saw it was asked in all sincerity—there was no coquetry in her tone.

"Ten years ago," he answered thoughtfully, "I imagined I did, but the fit only lasted a few months, so, you see, as it will not stand your test, it could only have been base metal."

The hours flew on and the evening drew in. Winifred looked at her guest in perplexity as he still lingered on.

Perhaps it was the entrance of the man

with the lamps which suggested to Lord Cranby that it was getting late, for he took out his watch directly the butler had left the room.

"Seven o'clock," he said with rather more than necessary astonishment. "I shall never get home in time for dinner."

Winifred laughed.

"You are your own master," she said. "I don't suppose there is anyone to mind if you are late?"

He looked at her whimsically.

"As you won't take my hint," he said, "I suppose I must ask for an invitation outright. May I not stay and dine with you?"

Winifred did not respond with any heartiness.

"But the Houghtons' dance?" she suggested, "you will never get there in time."

"I am not going to the Houghtons' dance," he answered offended. "I never had the slightest intention of going, but," rising, "as you are evidently anxious to get rid of me I will say good-bye."

"No, no," cried Winifred in confusion, "you know it is not that. I should like you to stay—of course I should, only—well, I will tell you the real truth. You see, there is a dance at the gardener's cottage to-night, and all the servants are going. Of course they will get dinner ready beforehand, but it will be all cold—there will be no one to wait, no one to—"

"Do you mean,' quickly, "that you and I should be in the house alone?"

"Yes. It would be horrid for you, and that is why I did not like to ask you to stay."

Lord Cranby laughed aloud.

"It makes no difference if you ask me or not," he said firmly. "I mean to stay, and you can't turn me out!"

And dinner passed off gaily enough. Under Lord Cranby's influence Winifred's shyness quite wore off, and by the time they had finished she was chatting away volubly.

The glorious harvest moon was rising in the heavens and shedding her radiance around.

"Let us come out," said Lord Cranby. "It is wicked to keep indoors on such a night," and he caught up a light shawl from the hall, and wrapped it tenderly round Winifred.

They wandered down the old-world walk that looked as if it should have been peopled with ladies in powder and patches, and gallants with their white queues. On the stone seat at the end, moss-grown and stained by years, how many Lovells had sat and told their love-story? Round about strutted peacocks, breaking the soft silence with their shrill voices.

Opposite rose the undulating hills, now bathed in a flood of moonlight, broken up here and there by the long dark shadows of the trees. And away in the distance the sound of the fiddles from the gardener's cottage fell gently on the still night air.

"Let us come and see them dancing," said Lord Cranby presently, and the two wended their way in the direction of the music.

It was a pretty scene, the figures dancing on the lawn, silhouetted and transfigured by the moonlight and apparently in the height of enjoyment. It had the appearance of some weird midnight revels.

Lord Cranby caught the excitement.

"Come and dance," he whispered eagerly to his companion. "You say you like it—we will have a dance all to ourselves," and catching her slender figure round the waist, he started off on the springy turf.

On and on went the fiddles, the wedding guests paused a moment for breath, but the two on the lawn below still kept on, on and on they danced, until at last through sheer exhaustion Lord Cranby stopped. He looked down into Winifred's face bathed in moonlight and flushed with exercise, but he did not at once remove his arm.

"Did you enjoy it?" he asked in his quick whisper. "Do you think the gardener's wedding dance is better than the Houghtons' ball?"

But she turned her eyes shyly away. Somehow she did not wonder now if there was anything wrong with her hair to make him look at her so.

She pointed to the hills sloping up before them.

"Isn't it lovely—lovely?" she said.

"Lovely!" he echoed. "How fond you are of Lasworth! Could you ever tear yourself away, I wonder?"

"How do you know," she asked, "that I love the place so much?"

"Child, every thought is mirrored in your eyes—I know exactly what you think."

They strolled back to the house.

"This really is the end," said Lord Cranby regretfully. "I suppose it must be good-bye now."

They went into the stables and he saddled his horse for himself and brought it out into the grounds. He stood by his horse's head before he mounted, and looked intently at Winifred.

"I am going north to-morrow," he said, "and then afterwards I am obliged to go to Ceylon—I promised my sister long ago, or I would not go. It will be many months before I see you again, but I shall never forget this night and—I am going to ask you to remember it too. Will you promise to think of me sometimes when I am away?"

Winifred looked at him with her soft grave eyes.

"It is not necessary to promise," she said simply. "One does not easily forget the happiest time of one's life."

And as the rider disappeared in the distance, a little fleecy cloud floated across the face of the moon and a sudden darkness fell around. Only Winifred's eyes had caught a gleam that had nothing to do with borrowed light and that would take years and years to extinguish.

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The months rolled away, winter came and went, and now spring had begun and the trees and hedges were bursting out all around.

Winifred's eyes grew brighter and her heart beat quicker every day.

"A few months—only a few months, he said," she would repeat to herself, "it cannot be very long now before he is here."

And meantime changes had occurred at Lasworth, for one of the young birds had already flown and left the parent nest. Mr. Shepherd had been presented with a living in the south, and he had taken Olive with him to his new home.

And so it was that when the Towers was once more thrown open and everything hurried into preparation for the Earl's return, Winifred had left Gloucestershire and was staying with her sister in the Isle of Wight.

But she heard the news of Lord Cranby's return with composure. True, she had pictured herself as being one of the first to welcome him home, but what did a little delay matter?

She would be back at Lasworth in three weeks' time, and then they must meet, and—did he remember she wondered anxiously, did he remember that evening spent together under the harvest moon.

Little scraps of news came to her in her mother's letters, telling her how much greyer Lord Cranby had grown, how that they met him here or there, how he was always in and out of Lasworth as of yore, and how he was giving a dance at the Towers in a month's time and insisted that they all should go. "Even you too, Winifred," ended Mrs. Lovell, "are to be there; he will not let you off."

"Even you too!"

Winifred had treasured the words up. He had given her a special invitation then, he had not forgotten after all.

But gradually an anxious look grew in Winifred's eyes and her spirits slowly sank. Mrs. Lovell's letters had become full of one topic—one topic only, which burnt into her daughter's heart.

It was Rose who was the attraction, asserted the writer, pretty blushing Rose was the one to whom Lord Cranby's visits were wholly due; wherever she went, Lord Cranby went too. Lord Cranby and Rose seemed never apart, and so on and so on, until the words danced about in front of Winifred's eyes and the letter fluttered to the ground.

Was it not only the natural course of events after all? Charming, lovable Rose, just twenty-one—who could help being fascinated? What was she, Winifred, with her quiet, shy ways and her nine-and-twenty years, by her side? Oh, of course, it was only to be expected, and she ought not to mind. And she clasped her hands together tightly and forced back the smarting tears.

And on her return home she had to go through it all again. Mrs. Lovell was growing excited over the affair and rejoiced to have a sympathising ear in which to recite her anticipations. But Winifred bore it all without a word, and no one knew that she suffered.

And in the evening Rose came into her room. The girl was looking pale and sad, and not at all happy. Winifred wondered at her appearance.

"What is the matter, Rose dear?" she asked, sitting down beside her. "You are not looking well."

Rose tapped the carpet nervously with her foot.

"I am unhappy, Winifred," she said, "and I don't know what to do. We have quarreled—that is to say—he—he—oh, you know what I mean—he said something I did not like, and—and I grew angry and said I would never speak to him again until he apologised, and he—he is so proud, I know—I know he never will." And Rose burst into tears.

Winifred put her arms round her and soothed her.

"Poor little girl," she said. "Don't cry, it will be sure to be all right. Take the initiative and go and talk to him yourself, he—he is so good, he will be certain to meet you half-way."

Rose dried her eyes and sat up.

"Yes, I will try," she said, "and Winnie, dear, it is so nice of you to call him good. I am so glad you like him."

"Rose," said Winifred slowly, and her voice sounded far away, "do you love him?"

"Love him?" cried her sister with emphasis. Oh, Winnie, I couldn't live without him. I have been simply miserable these last two days. He has not told me so yet, but I think—I hope he loves me too."

She paused for a moment by the window and looked dreamily out into the darkness. "He is coming to our garden party to-morrow, and I will take your advice and talk to him. Thank you so much, Winnie dear." And she tripped out of the room with a lighter heart, while Winifred still sat on in the silence alone.

There were all sorts and conditions of amusements at the garden-party at Lasworth Park—lawn tennis, badminton, golf, croquet, in fact, everybody was able to indulge in his favorite pursuit.

Lord Cranby went about from court to lawn scanning the assembly—was he never to find the face he sought?

At last, on one of the distant croquet grounds, he caught sight of Miss Lovell's tall slender figure and hastened at once in her direction. She had just finished a game and thrown her mallet aside.

"I told you I could not play," she was saying to her partner apologetically. "I have only spoilt your game."

"How do you do, Miss Lovell?" said Lord Cranby, and Winifred started round at the well-known voice, and all the color left her face.

"How do you do?" she repeated mechanically, and he thought she might have been more pleased to see him when he had been away so long.

"You have finished your game? Will you come for a walk?" he said, and Winifred silently acquiesced. Why did he want to walk with her?

Once out of sight of the rest he turned eagerly towards her. "How are the bride and bridegroom?" he asked smiling. "They must be an old married couple by this time."

"They have only been married ten months," she answered slowly.

"Only ten months?" he echoed, "and it has seemed centuries to me! Winifred, what has come to you? Why are you so altered? All the time I have been away I have been hungering for a sight of your face; longing for the sound of your dear voice, Winifred——"

But she put up her hand to stop him with a little deprecating cry.

What did it mean? Did he then love her after all—love her? and her heart beat quickly, noisily—surely he must have heard it. But then Rose, poor Rose loved him and thought he loved her. She could not live without him, she had said. Winifred caught her breath. How could she destroy her sister's happiness? No. She must stop him—keep his words back at all hazards—fling back his love. Oh, misery! before he began to tell it.

And meantime, while these thoughts passed as lightning through her brain, Lord Cranby went on.

"You promised," he said, "promised to remember that night—that lovely moonlight night——"

"I have not forgotten—it was cold—and chilly," she broke in abruptly, in a voice she did not recognise as her own.

"What! You found it cold when we wandered down the terrace walk——"

"And the peacocks made our heads ache with their loud, shrill noise."

Lord Cranby stopped and looked at her.

"Winifred," he said, and all the life had gone of his voice, "have you forgotten when we danced together on the lawn—just you and I—and the fiddles——"

Winifred caught her breath and her words fell from her lips in harsh, irregular jerks.

"The grass was damp—and heavy," she said, "and the fiddles—out of tune."

Lord Cranby was silent—at last he understood.

"And that is all you remember?" he said, after a while, which had seemed to Winifred as an eternity in which she had tasted the bitterness of death. But his cold unfamiliar tones brought her sharply back to life; she tried to answer him, but the words would not come.

He waited a few moments for her to speak, but as she still kept silent—"Had we not better go back to the croquet ground?" he said, and this time the harshness had left his voice and only a weary apathy was to be heard out of which all heart was gone.

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"Winnie! Winnie! it is all right. We have made it up and—and he has asked me to marry him," and Rose's appearance as she danced into the room was very different to that on the previous evening.

And so her sacrifice had not been in vain—and he had asked Rose. But, oh! he might have waited a little time.

Winifred steadied her voice. "I am so very glad, Rose, dear," she said. "I know Lord Cranby will make you happy."

Rose looked at her in perplexity.

"Lord Cranby!" she exclaimed. "Why, I am engaged to Cyril Norwood—I thought you knew Cyril Norwood?"

Was Winifred going mad or had she heard correctly?

"You told me last night," she faltered, "that—that you loved Lord Cranby."

"Lord Cranby! Oh, you must have misunderstood me. I love Lord Cranby, when his heart is full to overflowing of you! Why, even last year he would sit and look at you for hours together when the girls thought he came only to see them—it often made me laugh. And now ever since he has been home he has haunted my footsteps—was that why you made the mistake?—Oh, Winnie dear, it was only to talk of you."

Winifred suddenly burst into tears.

"Oh, Rose, if I had known—if I had only known!"

Rose looked at her in perplexity, then a sudden glimmering of the truth dawned upon her.

"Winifred," she said, "you strolled off together this afternoon, did he—did he propose?"

Winifred shook her head.

"No—he—he was going to, but I stopped him because—because——"

"Because you thought I loved him, and you sacrificed your happiness for—me?" the tears sprang into Rose's eyes. "Winnie dear," and she threw her arms round her sister's neck, "thank Heaven, it is not in my power to accept your sacrifice even if I would. You cheered me up last evening, now I am going to cheer you. Don't grieve over it, Winnie, for I know it will come all right."

* * * * * *

Lord Cranby had chosen a lovely night for his dance, everybody seemed to be enjoing themselves, and it bid fair to be a great success. Only the host looked weary and depressed.

"Are you not going to ask me to dance to-night?" said Rose, tripping up to him.

He shook his head dismally.

"I am not going to dance at all," he said.

"Then let us come outside and have a talk. What is the matter—you are not looking at all well?"

"No. I am going away soon. I should have gone earlier but for this dance."

"Going away? That is very sudden, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered, and looked up at the star-lit sky. Every beautiful thing seemed to have disappeared out of his life, even the moon had gone.

"Would it be very impertinent to ask you why you are going away?" asked Rose in a low voice.

He did not answer at first, and then said without turning:

"It is not necessary to tell you—I think you must know."

There was silence between them for a few minutes, and then Rose spoke.

"I am going to tell you a tale," she said, and without giving him time to answer she began:

"There was once a garden in which grew all the most beautiful flowers of the earth—a garden full of color and sweet scents.

"And some one came into that garden, and he wandered round and round looking at this flower and that, but did not admire one. At last he came to a group in a corner and he stopped before it. There was a tall lily, a hollyhock, a dahlia and a rose, all flowers vivid in their coloring and conspicuous from afar.

But it was not these which had attracted his attention. Over-shadowed by the tall plants and nearly out of sight was a single violet—a violet which would never have

been noticed but for the fragrance it shed around.

"And the stranger stood and looked at it, and the more he looked the more he coveted that flower."

Lord Cranby's eyes had left the stars, and Rose knew he was intently listening.

"And it came to pass," she continued, "that the rose fell a-sighing, for one that she loved had passed her by, and she stooped and whispered her troubles to the little violet. And the violet, though it cheered the rose, hung its head and drooped, for no names had been mentioned and it thought the stranger was the one whom the rose had loved."

"And thus it was when the stranger came to pluck his cherished flower that the violet hid under the leaves and turned away. It hoped if it could not be found that the stranger would take the rose instead, and so in its unselfishness it turned away from the hand it—loved."

Lord Cranby started to his feet.

"Loved! Rose," he cried, "do you mean that she loves me?"

"It turned away from the hand it—loved," continued Rose, as if he had not spoken, "but the other came back and plucked the rose, and then the violet found its sacrifice had been in vain, and —and——." Rose left her seat and stood before him. "I do not know the end of the story, Lord Cranby—you must finish it for yourself," and she turned and went back to the house.

Winifred was standing by a window looking out at the spangled sky; she did not hear Lord Cranby's footsteps, and started at the sound of his voice.

"Winifred!" he had said.

"Did you call me?" she faltered, looking round.

"Winifred!" he cried, "Rose has been opening to me the gates of Paradise. She says it has all been one great mistake, Winifred, Winifred," and he came nearer, "she has been saying that you—love me."

He held her closer still, and kissed her pale face.

"Put your arms round me, dearest," he whispered, "so that I may know it is true and that I am not dreaming. Let me hear you say that you have not forgotten after all."

And Winifred's white arms stole round his neck, and her head drooped upon his breast.

"Forgotten!" she repeated softly. "How is it possible when the remembrance has been always with me?—the remembrance of a still, beautiful September evening, when the harvest moon was holding her court in the heavens, and all the world appeared to me to be enchanted; when even the peacock's shrill cry seemed as music, and the fiddles were not really out of tune."

A Night in a Tower.

BY T. H. A.

IN the course of a pedestrian tour through the South of Ireland, during the past autumn, I was induced by the natural beauties and scenic attractions of the neighborhood to spend a few days at a picturesque little village in the County Kilkenny.

The evening before I had arranged to leave, the landlord of the inn where I had stopped and I adjourned after dinner to the little snug parlor off the bar, to enjoy a cigar and a glass of the native together.

"Well," said he, "you will travel far before you meet with such fine old ruins as 'The Abbey.'"

"Yes," I assented; "they are very interesting, and well worth a visit."

"The tower," continued mine host, "was one of the strongholds of the Danes, and was built long before the abbey. It serves as a belfry to the parish church, which is itself a comparatively recent structure."

"The belfry looks a dismal old Bastille," said I; "just such a residence as a solemn, melancholy ghost would choose to tenant."

"If ever a place was haunted," said the landlord, "that is; for many a time have I myself heard strange, unearthly noises from it at dead of night."

Although I had been through the abbey, and examined the monuments and relics of the olden times which it contained, I had not been up in the tower; but my curiosity was now excited, and I determined to explore it before leaving.

About an hour afterwards I sauntered down the village. It was almost dark, but the churchyard gate was still open, and some men were employed digging a grave.

Going round to the rear of the abbey, I saw that the door of the tower was open, and, ascending the rude flight of stone steps outside, which led to the entrance, I gained access to the first floor by a dark narrow passage, along which I cautiously groped my way.

A more gloomy, dungeon-like apartment than that in which I found myself could not be imagined. A mouldy smell that almost overcame me permeated the place, and the only sound that broke the death-like silence was the sighing of the autumn wind through the ivy that nearly choked up the narrow loopholes in the walls.

The story above this was in utter darkness, but I had no difficulty in finding the stairs that led still further up. On the third floor I could discover no means of getting higher, and I was reluctantly obliged to return, resolved, however to pay another visit next day.

After considerable stumbling and scrambling and getting into wrong crevices, I succeeded in reaching the door, which to my alarm and chagrin I found locked. I commenced to kick it with all my might and to shout through the keyhole, but the only response I elicited was the dull echo of every sound I made resounding through the walls and passages.

Finding myself shut in alone in that ancient haunted belfry, with every prospect of having to spend the night there, I could not overcome a certain vague fear that took possession of me. The great iron bolt of the lock was shot into the stone groove, and there appeared no chance of my getting out unless I could attract attention from the outside.

I renewed my attack on the door, pausing every now and then to listen, but all to no purpose. The wind, which during the evening had been increasing in violence, now blew with the force of a storm, drowning all my efforts to make myself heard. I returned to the first floor, and shouted through the loopholes, but my voice was lost in the boisterous roaring of the tempest.

Hours passed away; the villagers, I knew, were all in bed, and I began to think the best thing I could do would be to find out a sheltered corner in which to pass the night. I accordingly selected a little arched nook in which I found a large smooth stone that afforded me a rest; and here I determined to stay till morning.

How long I sat there I cannot tell, but I was awakened by a deep breathing close to my ear, as of some person in a heavy sleep. I listened a moment; there could be no mistake. The sound even grew louder until it filled the whole place.

With a sudden impulse I jumped to my feet and called out, "Who is there?" "Who is there?" replied the echo, and then all was still. Not feeling at all comfortable in such close proximity to my mysterious neighbor, I mounted the stairs leading to the next landing; but on reaching the top, the moonlight, streaming through a window or fissure, revealed to me a sight which made my heart stand still, and well nigh deprived me of my faculties.

In the centre of the floor stood a tall female figure shrouded in white, stretching her gaunt arm towards me in an admonitory manner, as if warning me back. There was no imagination, or indigestion, or dreaming about it.

There was the awful apparition glaring at me, the face ghastly pale, and the form enveloped in the drapery of the grave. I felt myself choking, my mouth and tongue became parched. With a desperate effort I cried out something in a feeble voice—I cannot now remember what. In an instant the apartment was in complete darkness.

Groping for the wall behind me, my hand came in contact with a rope suspended from above, and passing downwards. This I rightly conjectured must be the bell-rope, and the idea at once occurred to me to alarm the village.

I pulled away with all my strength. The loud peals of the bell reverberated through the tower, and were, I afterwards ascertained, heard for miles round. People started out of their beds in terror, ran to the church, and crowded round the graveyard gate.

After ringing for about a quarter of an hour, I went to one of the loopholes and shouted for some one to come and open the tower door, as there was a man locked in. By this time the curate, who lived near, arrived, and, accompanied by the sub-inspector of police, came and released me.

I was followed to the inn by a large crowd of people, who evidently regarded me as something supernatural, and kept accordingly a respectful distance. Next day I called on the curate, and related to him all that I had heard and seen in the belfry.

"Well," said he, after a hearty fit of laughter, "it is almost a pity to spoil the mystery by an explanation. The beginning you heard was from nothing more awful than a fine specimen of the barn owl, which inhabits the turret.

If you come with me this morning, I will show you the 'castle spectre,' that barred your way to the upper regions. Some time ago the church was undergoing repair, and we were obliged to haul up by trap doors from the vestry room, out of harm's way, a splendid marble statue of a former rector, whom the sculpture has represented in vestments. I am sure it must have made a most formidable ghost, seen under the circumstances; and the coincidence of a cloud obscuring the moon just as you addressed the disembodied spirit, I can imagine greatly enhanced the situation."

The story of the tourist's adventure in the tower spread like wildfire, and all sorts of absurd rumors gained credence of his having been accosted by his sable Majesty, and hurled from the topmost window into the graveyard, where he was found in an insensible condition by the clergyman and police officers.

TRIUMPHS OF SURGERY.—The nose is such a prominent feature that it is apt to suffer severely when there is anything of a "smash-up," and it accordingly happens that surgical skill is very frequently called upon to patch up broken noses, and sometimes even to plant a nose where there is none. A case, likely to be long known as "the blackbird case," is recorded from the London Royal Free Hospital.

A servant girl was brought in with her nose smashed by a hydraulic lift coming in contact with it. The surgeon sent out for a blackbird, took out its breast bone, and managed to insert it where the broken cartilage had been, with complete success in restoring the maid's former appearance.

A severer task was set for the surgeons of another London hospital by an unfortunate individual who, having by default of Nature no nose at all, wanted to be furnished with one. Willing to oblige him, an amputated finger of another patient was grafted on to his face, but it was found that amputation had caused the finger to die, and it failed to take.

The undaunted "noseless" man then agreed to the surgeon's suggestion that one of his own (the patient's) fingers should be cut off to furnish the missing nasal organ, but in order that the finger should not be wasted, should the operation prove unsuccessful, the patient's arm was enclosed in plaster, and for four weeks he had to hold his finger to his face, on the hope of its taking root.

It ultimately did, and was then cut off from the hand, and now remains fixed as a nose, having been so manipulated that it can no longer be recognized as a finger, and the process of shaping it is proceeding, so that ultimately what is expected to be a very passable nose will be the result.

There was recently seen at the Paris Academy of Medicine a young woman to whom Dr. Berger, the eminent French surgeon, had supplied an entire under-lip, in place of the one Nature had given her, which she had accidentally lost. He had made good the loss with a piece of flesh cut from her arm, and had accomplished the substitution with remarkable skill. There was no apparent disfigurement about the mouth, and the lip was red and quite natural looking

The French, when they wish colloquially to refer to something that does not exist, use the phrase an "Army pensioner with an artificial head" much as we speak of the "Horse marines," or, as on the Continent, of a "Swiss admiral." But there has now been found something very like the first-named phenomenon, for in a village near Lille there lives a retired artilleryman, named Moreau, who was a hero on the French side in the war of 1870.

In action he was wounded by a shell, which exploded right in his face. He was cared for by the surgeons, who were much astonished to find him still alive at the end of four days. Nothing remained uninjured of his face but the forehead and the jaw. An operation was performed, and no fewer than thirty-five pieces of bone were taken out of the wounded part. A wax mask was resorted to to hide the hideous cavity in his face. Moreau recovered, and for years plied the Government with petitions to be supplied with a platinum mask, which at last he got, some ten years ago. It answers well, only requiring to be repainted from time to time.

At Home and Abroad.

According to a Paris journal, a French scientist is trying to compel bees to make medicated honey for the cure of various diseases. He keeps the bees under glass and furnishes only such flowers as possess the desired properties. By the different kinds of honey thus produced influenza, coughs and colds and many other ills are said to be readily if indirectly reached.

One of Lord Kelvin's many distinctions is to have the shortest pedigree in "Burke." It begins and ends with his father, James Thomson, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow. It might, however, have been considerably extended. His grandfather, another James Thomson, was the last of a long line of Scotch-Irish, or Ulster, tenant farmers. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about them is that none of them ever carried his mathematical studies beyond twelve times twelve.

Baron Edmond de Rothschild has established another colony in Palestine. The new colony, which is situated in Galilee, not far from Damascus, consists of a village of 3000 acres, with numerous springs, and the sources of the River Jordan. This settlement, will be colonised by fifty farm laborers of tried experience, will be interesting as an experiment in home rule. In the other settlements an administrator and a staff of officials manage the affairs of the colonists, but the new colony will regulate its own affairs.

Queer methods are occasionally adopted in London to raise money for the hospitals. The "Lancet" says that on a recent Sunday in a certain part of London there was a street procession organized in aid of a hospital. In addition to the usual bands and banners of friendly societies which accompany these processions, there were tradesmans' carts, decorated with flowers and vegetables, the names of the owner of the vehicle being, of course, conspicuously visible. But the principle "attraction" was a man on what was supposed to be a sick-bed, and attended by two nurses, one of whom was a qualified nurse and the other a person masquerading in a nurse's costume.

John Habberton states that mosquitoes are extremely frightened by dragon flies, and will not come within yards of them. He says that one or two dried dragon flies suspended from fine silk under the roof of an open porch infested by mosquitoes will scare all of the little pests away, and they will not come back while the dragon flies are there. This, he says, he has tried with surprising results. It is a well-known fact that dragon flies are predatory and voracious insects, and that they subsist largely upon gnats, midges and mosquitoes, and it is but natural that the mosquito, who is a wise insect, should regard the "spinette," "darning needle" or dragon fly as the small bird regards the hawk.

The bushel of oats varies from 26 pounds in Maryland to 36 pounds in Oregon and Washington. The bushel of barley weighs 43 pounds in Louisiana and 50 in California. The laws of New York and Oregon make 42 pounds of buckwheat a bushel, while those of Minnesota and Nebraska call for 52 pounds, and Kentucky 56 pounds. The bushel of rye weighs 52 pounds in Louisville, but grows to 56 pounds in Ohio, and most of the States. Potatoes weigh 50 pounds in the bushel in Washington, 56 in Pennsylvania and 60 in Ohio and many of the other states. In Maine 44 pounds make a bushel of apples, while 57 are required in Wisconsin. A bushel of salt weighs but 50 pounds in Virginia and several of the states, but reaches 70 in Massachusetts, and brings down the scales at 80 in Colorado. Vermont, however, seems to have reached the climax of absurdity when she provides by comparatively recent legislation still in force that in measuring certain specific commodities one bushel and three-quarters of a peck shall be deemed a bushel, r-

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

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Our Young Folks.

ON THE GRASS.

BY G. H.

THAT was what little Erica wanted to know, when she got up one morning and found all the lawn sparkling in the sunshine as if it had been sprinkled with diamond dust.

How it glittered and gleamed! Every tiny blade of grass was crowned with a sparkling gem; and as the slender, graceful stems waved to and fro in the soft summer breeze, the sun's rays shone through the glistening diadems in a perfect rainbow of colors, till the lawn looked like a fairy garden instead of the somewhat dusty green grass plot Erica had seen there only yesterday.

"It looks as if the Fairies did it," said Erica out loud, as she stood watching it in delight.

"So they did," said the Bee, who was putting his busy little nose into the fragrant blossom of a lovely lily close by in search of honey.

"Did they, really?" replied Erica, who was not at all surprised to hear the Bee talk, as she lived so much alone amongst birds and insects that she quite thought she could understand them.

"Haven't I just told you so?" said the Bee, who was rather out of temper that morning; "it's rude to ask questions twice over. Don't you know that?"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry; I did not mean to be rude," Erica replied quite humbly—for it is rather undignified to have one's manners corrected by a bee; "but, please, how do you know they did?"

"Because I was there and saw them."

"Where?" asked Erica.

"Why, at the Fairy Ball, of course."

Erica clapped her hands in delight.

"A Fairy Ball!" she cried. "Oh, do tell me all about it, Mr. Bee."

But the Bee shook his wings.

"Can't I" he said shortly; "I'm too busy this morning making honey. But why not ask the White Butterfly? She was there, too, and she has plenty of time to talk to you. Lazy thing! She never does any useful work at all—just flutters about in that silly, aimless fashion, on purpose to show off her wings. All vanity, I call it."

And the Bee flew away with his store of honey, looking very proud of his own industry.

Erica watched him until he was out of sight, and then sat down to wait till the pretty White Butterfly should flutter into the garden.

"I don't think the Bee was quite fair," she said to herself. "The Butterfly is so pretty; I don't see why she should stay at home, and not show her lovely white wings, just because she can't make honey."

Just then the White Butterfly brushed very softly against her cheek, which was her way of kissing, and Erica was very careful not to move her head too quickly for fear of hurting her; but when she alighted on the lily-blossom and folded her wings, she said, "Oh, dear White Butterfly, do tell me who put the diamonds on the grass. Was it really the fairies?"

"Yes, indeed it was," replied the Butterfly; "they gave a ball last night."

"So the Bee said," remarked Erica.

"Oh, the Bee!" said the Butterfly rather scornfully, giving her wings a little flutter. "He doesn't know much about it."

"But he was there, wasn't he?" asked Erica.

"Oh, yes, he was there, certainly," agreed the Butterfly; "but no one took much notice of him. He was so tiresome; kept on saying it was a waste of time to dance, and wanted to know why we did not all make honey instead."

"What a stupid person!" said Erica.

"Oh, very," assented the Butterfly, with a yawn; "I find him very dull."

"Then we won't talk of him any more; but please tell me about the Fairies' ball."

"Well, it began at twelve o'clock at night," said the Butterfly, "when you were fast asleep. Everybody of any consequence in our society was invited.

"There was the Dragon Fly, the Red Spider and his wife, all of the Moth family, the Queen Bee and a large number of her subjects, the Gray Spider—though he had to be sent home early because he would catch and eat the Flies (who were also invited in large numbers), which was very rude of him, and created a little unpleasantness.

"Oh, I can assure you the company was most select; and Fairy Queen and her Elves looked quite lovely, all dressed in pink and green, with tiny white caps of lily-of-the-valley bells on their heads."

"How pretty!" said Erica. "And did they dance?"

"Of course," said the Butterfly; "it was a ball, you know. We danced till dawn, and then sat down to supper under the spreading pink and yellow toadstools, which grew for the purpose while we were dancing. Can't you see one under the cedar tree now?"

"Oh, yes, I can!" replied Erica. "Was that the one you sat under?"

"Yes," said the Butterfly, "that is the one. We had a beautiful supper—a bloom off the ripe peaches and plums, and the dew out of the heart of white roses. We drank out of the Fairies' caps, as we had no glasses."

"That was funny," laughed Erica.

"Wasn't it?" said the Butterfly. "Then, after supper we all joined hands in a ring, and danced till the sun began to shine, and then the Fairies took off their diamond crowns and threw them down, and they scattered all over the lawn, as you saw when you came out."

"What ever did they do that for?" asked Erica.

"Because the sun always takes charge of them in the daytime," explained the Butterfly, "while the Fairies are asleep. See! while we have been talking he has gathered them all up and put them away!"

"So he has," said Erica, looking with great surprise at the lawn, which was now quite green and had lost all its beautiful sparkling dewdrops. "And when will the Fairies have another ball?" she asked, after a pause.

"Can't say, I'm sure," responded the Butterfly: "but you will always know they have had one when you find the diamonds on the grass in the morning. And now," she continued, spreading her white wings ready for flight, "I really must say good bye, for I was dancing all night and am very sleepy. Good morning." And she flew away, leaving Erica once more alone in the garden.

She must have been tired, too, for she fell asleep in the arbor; and when she woke she did not know if the Butterfly had really told her about the Fairy ball, or if she had only dreamt it; but one thing she was quite certain, there were no longer any diamonds on the grass, so I think it must have been true—don't you?

THE GUINEA PIG'S BALL.

BY NIBILA.

"I'M going to give a ball to-night," remarked the Guinea-pig.

"Oh, indeed," responded the Bear, with polite interest. "Who's invited?"

"Everybody," was the reply.

"I'm not," growled the Bear.

"Yes, you are."

"Who invited me?" was the eager inquiry.

"Why, I did, of course," said the Guinea-pig. "Do you think I'm going to let anybody else ask people to my party?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," replied the Bear; "but you didn't ask me."

"Yes I did."

"When?"

"Just now," explained the Guinea-pig. "I said everybody was invited."

"But I'm not everybody," objected the Bear.

"That's true," agreed the Guinea-pig, after due consideration of the point. "But you'll come, anyhow?" he resumed, brightening up after a rather discomfited silence.

"Oh certainly, with pleasure," amiably responded the Bear.

And he went, carrying his dancing shoes under one arm, and escorting Miss Gorilla—whom he much admired—on the other.

It was certainly a beautiful ball. Everyone agreed that the Elephant's waltzing alone was worth going miles to see; and as to the Bear, why, he came of a performing family, so dancing came natural to him.

Even the Tortoise came out and quite distinguished himself by dancing a hornpipe amidst rapturous applause, accompanied by the whistling Coon, who was there with his wife and family; and altogether it was a very stylish affair.

After supper the Guinea Pig made a speech. He was no great talker as a rule, but on this occasion—auspicious occasion, he called it—he grew quite loquacious.

The company did not pay much attention to him, for they didn't care about speeches; so they laughed and talked, and pulled crackers all the time.

But every now and then they drummed on the table for applause, which quite satisfied the Guinea Pig, who rambled on with his eyes shut, and with only a very vague idea of what he was talking about; not that it mattered much, as no one was listening.

Then they danced again, and the Monkey performed some conjuring tricks which were very amusing; though the Bear sneered at them and said, "That was nothing; he could do a lot more than that himself."

But when he was pressed to give a performance he refused quite bluntly, and went in a corner and sulked all the rest of the evening; and the Hyena laughed, and didn't believe the Bear could do a single trick except climb a pole for a bun, and anybody can do that.

Then the Popinjay, who was rather affected, and inclined to air his French, asked the Guinea Pig if he would oblige the company with a "pas seul."

"A parcel," said the Guinea Pig (whose education had been somewhat neglected), staring at the Popinjay in surprise; "what do you want a parcel for?"

"No, no," said the Popinjay, smiling in a superior sort of way; "you don't quite understand. A 'pas seul.'"

"You said that before," retorted the Guinea Pig rather irritably, for he was annoyed at the Popinjay's manner. "What do you want in the parcel?"

"Oh, I don't want a parcel at all," said the Popinjay impatiently.

"Then why did you ask for one?" squeaked the Guinea Pig indignantly.

"I didn't," explained the Popinjay. "I only asked you to dance."

The Guinea Pig sat down suddenly. "Oh, you don't know what you're talking about," he said in a resigned voice.

This made the Popinjay very angry. "Yes, I do," he said.

"Well, anyhow, I don't," replied the Guinea Pig.

"That's your ignorance," sneered the Popinjay. "I didn't ask you for a parcel, I only asked you to dance by yourself in French."

This lucid explanation only seemed to confuse the poor Guinea Pig still further.

"To dance by myself in French," he murmured with one paw up to his head. "Oh, the Popinjay's gone mad!" and he promptly moved behind the Bear for protection.

But, however, they managed at last to made him understand, and he agreed to oblige them. "Only," he stipulated, "I must be allowed to dance by myself in English, as I don't understand French."

Of course, no one could object to that, and the Guinea Pig began. He danced till everyone was quite tired.

They even went so far as to request him to stop; but the Guinea Pig, with a bland smile, only waved his paw and danced a little faster.

It was very embarrassing. No one could say much, as it was the Guinea Pig's own ball; but at last they really could not keep their eyes open any longer, so they all went home to bed, and left him dancing—and so far as I know he is dancing yet.

ANIMALS MADE USEFUL.—There are very few animals in the world that cannot now be trained to be useful to man in one way or another.

Birds and beasts, if taken in hand when young, frequently display an amazing amount of intelligence.

Elephants under training do an immense amount of intelligent work in India. For moving and piling timber they are invaluable, while numbers serve in the army and learn to obey the commands of their officers as promptly as any of the human rank and file.

It is an amusing sight to watch these military elephants take their daily wash. Every morning the big beasts file down to the river bank, marching to command. As soon as they arrive, one half of them are ordered to lie on their sides, and down they go. Then the other half use their trunks as hose and squirt streams of water on those that are prostrate.

As the water falls upon the animals, the attendants scrub the tough hide with soapstone. When one side is washed the elephants are commanded to roll over, and are assisted in obeying by the other elephants who use their tusks for this purpose.

As soon as the bathing of the first half is finished the others undergo the same process. The elephants have a wonderful instinct for time, and cease work to the minute. They go on strict trade union rules, know their rights, and insist on having them.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The smallest humming bird weighs but 20 grains.

Camphor and gun cotton are the chief constituents of celluloid goods.

The street accidents of London amount to about 3,500 a year—nearly ten a day.

The loom was used by the Egyptians, B. C. 2500. It is mentioned in the Bible.

The trolley car is to be tried in the Maine lumber regions to haul logs from the timber to the main waterways.

A Brown City, Mich., Judge fined the driver of a wagon $10 for running into a boy cyclist on the highway and laughing at him.

An American firm has obtained a concession to build a railroad between Seoul and Chemulpo, in Korea, a distance of 30 miles.

Mascagni's new opera, "Zanetto," has an ideal chorus. It is described as "invisible and only singing with closed mouths."

The cycling craze threatens to ruin lawn tennis in England. The secretaries of the numerous clubs round London are in despair.

The late Sir Bernard Burke is reported to have said that over half the crests and coats-of-arms borne by families in England are fictitious.

That flowers are generally beneficial in a sick room, instead of harmful, as formerly supposed, is fully established according to many physicians.

The black ostrich often stands seven feet high. Its speed is that of a horse, and it can carry a man. The cassowary is as large, but has a shorter neck.

At Hammerfest, in Norway, the polar night commences on November 18th and will last to January 23rd. The city is illuminated during these dark days by electricity.

An ostrich will never go straight to its nest, but always approaches it with many windings and detours, in order, if possible, to conceal the locality from observation.

Compressed food, which has proven a failure in our army, was found useful on the British expedition to Ashanti. The desiccated soup was not damaged by the climate.

Violins are very susceptible to change of the weather. The strings of a violin always become more taut, and thus give a sharper tone, when a storm is coming on.

Humboldt estimated that the earth contained 96,000 species of plants, 51,000 species of animals, 44,000 species of insects, 4,000 species of birds and 7,000 species of reptiles.

Until 1871 there were no shad in Pacific waters. In that year a few thousand were introduced by the United States Fish Commission. Last year the catch sold for nearly $40,000.

Liverpool has an ordinance forbidding the use of streets to vehicles displaying advertisements. A man who undertook to show an advertisement on a bicycle was fined recently under the law.

Certain scientists say that Mars is like Holland. Its inhabitants appear to have drained the whole of the surface as a measure of protection against encroaching waters, which threaten an invasion when summer's heat melts the polar ice and snow.

Antonio Miano, who resides in New Haven, Conn., may be set down in future as being a friend of silver. The other night while walking on the streets a boy discharged a revolver, and the bullet struck a silver quarter in his pocket, through which his life was saved.

There are nearly 80,000 barmaids in England. More than 100 in London are daughters of gentlemen; 400 have fathers, brothers or uncles in the church; 200 are daughters of army officers; 300 daughters of physicians and surgeons; 100 daughters of navy officers.

When William Jones, of Newark, N. J., went swimming the other day he took his small dog along to watch his clothes. While bathing Jones was suddenly seized with cramps and drowned. Pending the recovery of the body, the faithful dog kept close guard on the clothing, and then followed his dead master to the morgue.

Stowe House, the residence of the last line of Dukes of Buckingham and more recently of the Counts de Paris, is offered for sale. Of it Pope wrote to Bolingbroke: "If anything under Paradise could not me beyond all earthly cogitations, Stowe might do it." It belonged till the Reformation to the canons of Osney, near Oxford; then it went to the Temples, and through them to the Grenvilles. The grand front of the house is 330 feet in length. The gardens, reserves and collections of trees are among the finest in England.

There are about 300 different styles of forceps made for dentists' use, varying in the sizes and forms of the beaks and in the shapes of the handles. A dozen pairs of forceps would probably fill all the requirements of a single dentist, but another dentist, though he might use on the same tooth forceps with the same size and style of beaks, might prefer a pair with a different grip to the handles, and forceps are made not only to suit every need in practice, but every personal requirement of the practitioner.

ON A SMILE.

BY J. B.

Only a smile on an infant face,
The soul's first sunshine gleaming through;
How it speaks of the future with touching grace,
And lightens up eyes of black or blue.

Only a smile on a school-girl's face,
Whom you chance to meet on her frolicsome way;
But the pretty picture will take its place
In your inmost heart for many a day.

Only a smile from the one you love,
Given at last to welcome you;
And you think the sky has opened above,
And all the world is born anew.

Only a smile—how slight it is—
And yet, as we travel our toilsome road,
It comes like a balm to weariness,
And lifts from the heart its heaviest load.

THE WHIPPING POST.

The little State of Delaware has some queer laws. Its tax laws cover almost every possibility of taxation, good, bad, and indifferent. It has Sunday laws and Monday laws and laws for every day and hour of the week; laws that impose taxes upon pretty much everybody for doing, owning, or selling almost anything.

It has blue laws and laws of almost every other color, but the Delaware law which smacks strongest of the past is that which maintains the pillory and the whipping post. With the exception of the custom still prevailing in Baltimore requiring wife beaters to take a dose of their own medicine, outside of Delaware, nowhere is the whipping post a public institution.

In order, says a correspondent, to see for myself I attended one of those interesting performances. The victims on that occasion were two colored men, one of whom had been found guilty of attempted burglary, and the other of an assault on a lady school teacher. This last offence being a felony, the court had sentenced the negro to be pilloried, whipped, and then confined in prison for a period of ten years.

The Sheriff and the chief jailer politely furnished me with the best accommodations which the place afforded. Seated on a pile of rocks, surrounded by a curious crowd, I had an opportunity of witnessing every action.

The pillory, which stood in the centre of the jail yard, consisted of a high post firmly set in the ground, and about twelve feet from the base was a square platform six feet each way, through which the post projected.

Four or five feet above the platform a board about six feet long and fifteen inches wide was fastened vertically in the centre to the upright. It was originally one board, but had been split in the centre after two round holes had been made, each near the end. Each hole was of the size to surround a man's neck.

The victims ascended by a ladder, and when on the platform each was compelled to thrust his head through one of the large apertures, the upper half of the plank having been raised for that purpose and then lowered, and then the ends securely fastened together. Thus was formed a complete wooden collar with the darkey's head protruding on one side and all the rest of him, except his hands, on the other.

At the same time that his neck was secured by the closing of the two halves of the plank the hands were also confined in a similar manner, being enclosed in wooden handcuffs, as it were, one on each side of the circle that held the neck. The wretched victims were thus confined at precisely 10 o'clock and remained in that predicament one hour.

It was a strange spectacle to those witnessing it for the first time. The victims' heads and faces were exposed to the broiling sun, their backs were necessarily bent, and, evidently the prisoners were in a position to suffer severe torture. At first there was apparently no special discomfort, but every minute augmented the distress which was manifest in their faces and by the frequent nervous twitching of the legs and the shifting of their feet.

When the hour of torture had nearly expired I glanced at my watch, which one of the victims happened to observe. In a low tone he asked me what time it was. When I replied that it lacked only six minutes of 11 o'clock he thanked me and a smile of satisfaction passed over his ebony face.

Promptly at 11 o'clock the two wretches were released and allowed to descend and re-enter their cells, there to rest in quiet for half an hour in order that they might be the better prepared for the flogging they were to receive as the second installment of physical torture.

Thirty minutes later they were led out again, one at a time. Each man in turn stepped up to the post beneath the platform on which he had formerly stood, and both of his hands were quickly fastened to the posts by means of iron clasps. He was stripped naked to the waist, ready for the lash, the lesser criminal to receive twenty lashes and the greater one thirty lashes.

At this juncture the Sheriff, a large, powerful, but really kind-hearted gentleman, appeared upon the scene, holding in his hand the official instrument of torture. The whip consisted of a wooden handle about an inch and a half in diameter and two feet long. Attached to one end of it were nine round, black lashes or stripes of leather of the same length as was the handle.

With steady stroke, slowly, and with perfect composure, he applied the stinging lashes to the bare back and shoulders of the crouching, trembling victim.

Every time the whip came down on the exposed flesh the prisoner trembled from head to foot, bit his lips, and squirmed as if the torture was more than he could endure. And yet during the whipping process neither of the unfortunate offenders uttered a word or gave an audible groan or murmur.

The thrashing administered, each victim, with his back and shoulders showing great welts, and furrows, was hustled back to his place of confinement. The crowd then quietly dispersed, apparently well satisfied with the free entertainment.

NORTH AND SOUTH.—Colored men and women from southern climes, particularly those from the West Indies and South America, carry burdens on their heads, and seem to do it as a matter of course, whereas colored men and colored women born or brought up in the Northern States or in Canada pursue the method which has been generally observed to be that of the people from northern countries. It is also noticeable that sailors from the North German or Scandinavian ports who assist in unloading a vessel carry, so far as possible, articles upon their backs, whereas East Indian sailors, Portuguese sailors, and sailors from Mediterranean ports carry them as far as possible upon their heads.

Grains of Gold.

Act in time and there will be no haste.

Train children to bear their hurts with fortitude.

Principles are the strings upon which we hang diverse facts.

Ever forward! Move backward only for added momentum.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice. Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Gratitude becomes selfishness when it is too profuse, to be over-thankful for one favor is in effect to be paving the way for another.

It is held that it is on instruction and education that the future security and direction of the destiny of every nation chiefly and fundamentally rest.

Beautiful women, while the bloom of youth lasts, are universally admired; but they should remember that no beauty has more charms than the inward one of the mind.

Femininities.

The eyes should not be used in weakness or sickness.

It is safe to remember a woman's birthday, provided you forget her age.

In all mythology and folklore white flowers are supposed to spring from tears.

First doctor: Have you lost any patients recently? Second doctor: Only one. He got well, and has gone over to the homeopaths.

"I'm taking cooking lessons of Mrs. Piecrust." "Do you find them beneficial?" "Very. I have already learned how to tell when something's burning."

Ladies' bicycles are now turned out in England with charming bags, holding many dainty articles, such as mirror, powder-puff and perfume bottle.

In ancient times Fabius Maximus and Cincinnatus performed their famous exploits when over 60 years of age. Turenne did his best work at 60, so did Rodney and Earl St. Vincent.

Miss Playne: Is it true that you said the mere sight of my face would make a man climb a fence? Hardgreaves: I—er—I meant, of course, if the man was on the other side of the fence.

The Empress of China has a great passion for jewels. It used to be illegal for a Chinese woman to wear diamonds, but the present Empress changed all that by persisting in her fancies.

One of the first requisites of a well-ordered home or business is punctuality. If there is no regard for time, if the administration is "happy-go-lucky," there will always be more or less friction.

The cords of window blinds are good barometers. When they become sight the reason is found in the fact that the air is moist; the cords have absorbed some of the moisture, and so are drawn taut.

Blobbs: What nonsense it is for the newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the bride being led to the altar. Slobbs: How so? Blobbs: Well, most girls could find their way there in the dark.

In the reign of Henry VIII., it was the custom for brides to go to church with their hair loose and hanging down the back. Anne Boleyn wore her hair in this fashion at her marriage. Wreaths made of ears of corn were also worn by brides at this period.

A gentleman once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told three or four. Her mother asked her when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I did not want him to think that you were so poor that you hadn't but one child."

Sheridan's solicitor, calling one day, found his wife alone and walking about in a state of violent excitement. He asked what was the matter. Her only reply was that "her husband was a villain." After some time she added, with some hesitation, "Why, I have discovered that all the love-letters he sent to me were the very same as those he sent to his first wife."

Young lady: Will you please give me a small bottle of eyether?

Drug clerk: Of what, miss?

Young lady: Of eyether, please.

Drug clerk: Eyether? eyether! I do not think we have it in store.

Young lady: Oh, yes. I'm sure you have. It is sometimes called ether by ignorant people.

"Well, poor Smith! He is rid of that talkative wife of his."

"What! I—I hadn't heard——"

"Why, she fell headforemost into a tubful of cream this morning."

"Land sakes! Did she drown?"

"No; but her chin churned forty pounds of fine butter before she could be pulled out of the cream."

He: Then everything is fixed, and we can be married in May, can't we?

She: There is only one thing I have not spoken of, and mamma insisted that I must.

He: Certainly, my angel. What is it? Bid me go through any trial for your dear sake, and I'll do it. Ask for the golden fleece, and if such a thing is in existence, I'll get it, ay, even though I must swim the seas, climb the loftiest peaks, or search in the fuming craters of mighty volcanoes, I'll do it.

She: It isn't much, my dear. Mamma said I must ask you how much you intended to allow me a week for pin-money?

He: Um—er—how much are pins a paper now?

The finger-nails should be cut about once a week—certainly not oftener. This should be done just after washing, the nail being softer at such a time. Care should be taken not to cut them too short, although if left too long they will frequently get torn and broken. They should be nicely rounded at the corners. If troubled by the skin adhering to the nail as it grows, it should be pressed down with the towel after washing, or, if that does not prove efficacious, it must be loosened round the edge with some blunt instrument. On no account scrape the nails with a view to polishing their surface, as such an operation tends to make them assume a wrinkled appearance. If rubbed gently with a piece of soft chamois, they will polish very nicely.

Masculinities.

The man who takes too many horns is liable to go off on a toot.

The man who says the right thing at the right time is the man who says nothing at all when in doubt.

A crusty old bachelor says, the talk of women is usually about the men. Even their laugh is but "he! he!"

"What did Augusta's father say when you asked him for his daughter?" "He asked me when I expected to move in."

Travis, entering Poseboy's office on the latter's busy day: Poseboy, were you ever engaged? Poseboy: Yes, I am now. Go 'way.

"What do you think of divorce?" asked some one of a young girl. "Oh, I don't know! I hadn't thought of getting married yet."

Court dress in Berlin is to be modified on the Venetian costumes of the Renaissance. The Deputies will appear as Venetian Senators.

The London Law Guarantee and Trust Society now insures against twins; for a premium of $20 it will pay $1000 if it is twins. The first policy issued was useful. It was twins.

A clergyman of the Church of England, who gave his fortune of $100,000 to charity, has just died in the Market Bosworth Workhouse. He had once been curate of the parish.

Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when in reality it is only a full stomach. One should be careful, and not mistake pudding for principle.

Dozber: Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man bald? Jaslin: No; but when a man is bald I've noticed that it has a tendency to make him constantly wear a hat.

Hicks: What makes you go to a tailor to get your clothes? You could get them ready made, just as good, for half the money. Wicks: Yes; but if I got them ready made, I should have to pay for them cash down.

Socrates was of opinion that if we laid all our adversities and misfortunes in one common heap, with this condition that each one should carry out of it an equal portion, most men would be glad to take up their own again.

Dobbs: Do you notice any difference in your wife now from the days of your courtship? Nobbs: Yes, I do. In those days she would be content to sit on my knee, now she sits on me altogether whenever she gets an opportunity.

Dobson: I've just heard of your marriage, old boy.

Hobson, sadly: Yes, I married three months ago.

Dobson: Well, it isn't too late to offer congratulations, of course.

Hobson: A little late, Dobson, a little late.

Mrs. Honeydove: Dear me! I can't see what can keep Charles out so late. Here it is eleven o'clock. He's a regular slave to his business."

Mrs. Twicemarried, playingly: That's what I thought of my first husband, dear; but the second knows it's always best to get home by dinner-time."

Most medical men consider that a cold bath every morning is apt to do more harm than good to any but persons of a very vigorous constitution. The sensible thing to do is to see that the temperature of the water in cold weather is not lower than that of the air. A daily bath is most healthful, but it should not be so cold as to give a shock to the system.

When the House of Commons votes it marches out into the lobbies, where the members are counted by the tellers like sheep. The average distance traversed by each member from his seat to the lobby is 340 feet, so that at the all-night sitting on the agricultural bill, when thirty-three divisions were made, each member tramped exactly a mile and a half, without counting unofficial excursions to the smoking and refreshment rooms.

"Let's see," the lawyer mused, as he softly pulled at his ear, "your name is Johnson, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You married a widow who had five thousand dollars in mortgages?"

"I married a widder."

"And the mortgages?"

"Were on the widder's property, hang it! I'm up here now to see if false teeth is a ground for divorce."

In addition to his love of stamp-collecting the Czar of Russia has a weakness for beautifully-bound books. A set of scrap-books, recently sent him by an American firm, are said to be perfect specimens of the art of book-binding. Bound in black seal, with purple brocade linings, and with clasps of massive gold and silver, the covers are richly ornamented with the Russian Imperial coat-of-arms. The putting together of these scrap-books was the work of weeks, the Russian Consul superintending the operation. It is rather saddening to learn that these exquisite books are destined to hold nothing but cuttings from newspapers.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A neat blue cotton gown is trimmed with white embroidery, white lace and white satin ribbon. The slightly gored skirt measures 6¼ yards in width.

The fitted bodice is entirely composed of horizontal tucks, and is adorned over the shoulders with graduated plaited frills of the blue. Two long bands of white embroidery enrich either side of the front, starting at the bust, where it is pointed, and is then gradually tapered to the waist, but again widens as it descends to the foot of the skirt and is finished in a point to correspond with the one at the bust. These bands are edged throughout with a plaited frill of the blue. The tucked choker, edged with a tiny frill of lace, has a large bow of the same at the back. The sash with point in front is of white satin ribbon. The sleeve is made with short blue puff at the top, and lower fitted sleeves of white embroidery describing a point where it joins the puff, and is bordered with a plaited frill; a frill of lace falls over the hand. The sun-shade is blue chameleon silk, the gloves light pearl.

The exceedingly stylish hat shown with this toilette is, of course, white straw, trimmed round the brim with a garland of pansies and greenery, back of which rise four black wings. The cache-peigne is of pansies.

Ohio is a green and white striped gingham with a Spanish flounce, headed by a tiny ruffle, which is gathered through the centre; two similar ruffles, placed three inches apart, further ornament the skirt.

The short bolero of gingham has the points garnished with white embroidery, the full blouse of white lawn drawn down under a deep ceinture of green satin ribbon. The collar-band of tucked white lawn has a frill of embroidery drooping over its upper edge. The bouffante elbow sleeve is adorned with a butterfly of embroidery.

The small capote of fine green straw is trimmed with white roses delicately tinted with pink, intermingled with their glossy green leaves.

A good model for a dimity gown has the full skirt enhanced at the foot with two small ruffles, edged at the top and bottom with narrow Valenciennes lace and put on so as to form a small heading.

The full bodice has a deep ceinture formed of many rows of ribbon, with a bow of the same at the left side of the front. Above this belt is a gathered yoke, embellished with three perpendicular bands of lace insertion, and is edged throughout with a wide ruffle of the dimity with a heading of the same. The ribbon collar has a bow of the same at the back. The sleeve is one of the most charming varieties of the new sleeve. The arm is closely outlined by the transparent shirred folds of the dimity, beyond the outer seams comes a cascade of graduated frills, wide at the shoulder and taper to a mere point at the wrist. All these frills, together with the one edging the yoke, should be bordered with narrow lace.

Another pretty wash gown has a plain skirt finished with a deep hem.

The bodice is made with a full front which is gathered at the neck and waist in the middle, while the back is made with a tapering double box plait of the material. A round collar is of white French nainsook, laid in small tucks and edged with embroidery, put on either plain or full. The belt and collar are of ribbon, the belt having a bow of the same at the left side of the front, and the collar one at the back. The sleeve has a long puff, which is held above the elbow by a row of shirring at the front and back, while the lower part fits the arm closely to the wrist, where it is cut in two shallow points, edged with a frill of embroidery. By wearing different style collars and ribbons this gown will always look fresh and pretty.

A very pretty and stylish costume is in dark blue covert cloth. The skirt, with fan shaped insertions at either side of the front, which extend from half way to the foot to the edge of the skirt, hangs wonderfully well and looks graceful both on and off the machine. It is lined throughout with blue cambric, but of course silk can be used if desired.

The chic little coat, with revers and rounded open fronts, fastens at the bust with three smoked pearl buttons, and reveals a charming little vest buttoned down the middle with small white pearl buttons. The vest can be made of white pique with blue dots, or of one of the pretty blue and white wash cheviots. The gigot sleeves are enhanced by three pearl buttons and two rows of stitching simulating a cuff. The revers and edges of the coat are also stitched. White linen cuffs, chemisette and black satin tie are worn with this cycling costume.

Another costume is in gray cloth, with the skirt lined in front, having its side plaits held in at either side of the front by little stitched tabs garnished with bone buttons.

The coat is a distinct novelty in cycling costumes, for it is in the sacque variety, and gains a very good effect by the clever arrangement of tucking which outlines the yoke, while here again the fullness is kept in place by buttoned tabs. The plain sleeves are cut leg-of-mutton shape.

A cape made on the same principle is a smart—and useful—garment which should be strapped on to the machine of the lady cyclists when blouses and skirts are the order of the day, and then the rain may come down if it will, for this cape will be a perfect protection, made as it is in waterproof cloth, and reaching below the waist; while the high collar can be turned up snugly round the ears.

Very serviceable and select is a blue mohair costume, with a novel skirt which buttons at the side, and which is plaited flatly just below the waist at the back, and then arranged with a semi-division, which insures a perfectly graceful appearance when on the machine. The knickerbockers are made in either mohair or soft silk to match, and are nicely contrived so that they fit into one and the same band with the skirt at the waist, and in this way perfect freedom of action is gained, combined with absolute comfort when riding.

The tight-fitting bodice has a habit back, and opens in front to display a neat waistcoat of Tattersall vesting.

A very good bicycle costume is of brown covert cloth. The full skirt has a large, flat box plait at the back and two similar ones in front. The play afforded to the knees by these two plaits quite prevent the skirt being lifted up and down as usual.

The straight-fronted coat, with fitted back, has a full basque, with a turn-down collar and pointed revers. The gigot sleeves are moderately full.

Odds and Ends,

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Copper and brass may be quickly cleansed by dipping half a lemon in fine salt then rubbing over stained objects.

Lemon and salt removes stains from the fingers. Do not use soap afterwards.

Frozen vegetables should be thawed by covering in cold salt water in a warm place.

If a small teaspoonful of fine salt be added to a quart of milk it will be preserved sweet and pure for several days.

Eggs packed in salt can be kept for several months.

Eggs and milk brought from farms by the coast are finer and sweeter than those brought inland.

A pinch of salt added to mustard prevents it souring.

A smouldering or dull fire may be cleared for broiling by a handful of salt.

Salt thrown on any burning substance will stop the smoke and blaze.

Bread sufficiently salted becomes acid, dry and crumbles.

Bread made with salt water is said to be good in some cases of consumption.

When the contents of pans boil over, salt on the range prevents odors and the spot is the more easily cleaned.

When cabbage, onions or strong-smelling vegetables have been boiled in pans, to prevent odors clinging to them, place some salt on the stove and turn the pans bottom up over the salt. In a few minutes the pans will smell sweet.

All salads should be soaked in salt and water to destroy animalcules or small worms.

Make a strong brine and water garden walks to kill weeds. A moderate quantity of salt stimulates their growth.

Salt added to the gardener's leaf mould heap prevents a too rapid fermentation and escape of ammonia.

Dry rot in gate posts, outhouses, joists and beams may be checked by equal proportions of salt and chloride of zinc—100 pounds of each to 300 pounds of water.

Salt in bulk used to be considered a good cargo for a new wooden ship.

Salt and camphor in cold water is an excellent disinfectant in bedrooms.

Housemaids should pour salt water, after using it, down the drain pipes.

Salt absorbs noxious gases arising from decaying vegetable matter, refuse heaps, etc.

There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear as earache. Almost instantaneous relief may be obtained by making a funnel of writing paper, saturating a small piece of cotton batting in choloroform, and dropping it in the funnel. Put the small end of the funnel into the ear, and, placing the mouth close to the other end, blow into it. The fumes of the choloroform will quickly relieve the pain, and if the head is kept covered the patient will soon be at ease.

Dip a cloth moistened with sweet oil into pulverized rottenstone and rub your brasses with it. Then polish them with dry rottenstone and a piece of dry flannel. When brass utensils are not in use, thoroughly clean them with rottenstone and oil, wrap them up tight in papers and keep in a dry place.

To make a good hard soap, dissolve one pound of potash in twelve quarts of water in the kettle in which the soap is to be boiled. Add to the potash five pounds of grease. Boil slowly, adding a little boiling water as it is cooking. Stir with a stick and boil two or three hours. When the mixture adheres and stringe from the stick it is boiled enough. Pour into old pans or moulds. The following day cut into bars and dry for use.

A dose in time saves the doctor's bill and sometimes the undertaker's also. When a woman feels a cold coming on or when she realizes that she has been exposed to cold, she should immediately set about her preventive work.

There is much virtue in hot drinks, in friction and in warm covering. The woman who feels that she is a candidate for a cold should take a hot mustard foot bath, rub down vigorously, drink a tumbler of steaming lemonade, with perhaps a dash of whiskey in it, and then go to sleep under as many and as warm coverlets as she needs. The room should be ventilated during the night, but she must be protected against draughts. A big screen placed at the foot of the bed is an excellent guard against breezes. It is not a bad plan to wear a nightcap as part of the outfit.

In the morning the patient should dress in as warm a room as possible, or there is danger of increasing the cold. An alcohol rub down may be substituted for the regular bath, as it closes the pores and tones up the skin.

Meat of any kind used for salads should be cut into dice, but not smaller than one-half inch or it will seem like hash.

A loaf of bread when risen ready for the oven should be at least twice the size it was when first put in the bread pan to raise.

Any vegetables may be used for vegetable soup, but judgment should be shown in the combination. It is well to cut the vegetables into fancy shapes with cutters or into balls with a small potato scoop.

Curried Eggs.—Slice two onions and fry in butter; add a tablespoonful of curry powder and one pint of good broth or stock; stew till onions are quite tender, add a cup of cream thickened with arrowroot or rice flour, simmer a few moments, then add eight or ten hard-boiled eggs; cut in slices and heat them well, but do not boil.

Rhubarb Cream Pie.—One pint of stewed, sifted rhubarb, two ounces of pulverized crackers, four ounces of sugar, three eggs. Beat eggs and sugar well, stir in the cracker smoothly, and add the rhubarb last. Pour into a deep plate lined with good paste, and bake in a moderate oven.

Orange Roley Poley.—Make a light dough, the same as for apple dumplings, roll it out in a narrow, long sheet about a quarter of an inch thick. Spread thickly over it peeled and sliced oranges, sprinkle it plentifully with white sugar, scatter over a large teaspoonful of grated orange peel, then roll it up, fold the edges well to keep the juices from running out, place in steamer and steam hard for an hour and three-quarters. Serve with lemon sauce.

Mutton Pie With Tomatoes.—Spread the bottom of a baking dish with bread crumbs and fill with alternate layers of cold roast mutton cut in thin slices and tomatoes peeled and sliced. Season each layer with pepper, salt and bits of butter. The last layer should be of tomatoes spread with bread crumbs. Bake three quarters of an hour and serve immediately.

Yankee Cake.—One and a half teacups of sugar, three teacups of flour, one teacup of buttermilk, one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon of baking soda, one teaspoon of ground cinnamon, half a teaspoon of grated nutmeg, and half a pound of raisins; mix butter and sugar together, then add flour, soda, and spices; then add the milk, and mix well; put into a greased cake tin, and bake about three-quarters of an hour till ready.

Lemon Wafers.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, five of flour, half a cup of milk, three of eggs, half a nutmeg grated, teaspoonful of soda, and essence of lemon. Roll the dough thin, lift from the board, sift white sugar on the board, lay the dough on the sugar. Roll again, very thin, cut in rounds, and lift with a broad knife, turning them over on the pan so that the sugared side may be uppermost.

Parsnips With Cream.—Scrape three large parsnips, slice them half an inch thick and two inches long, and boil them in salted boiling water until they are tender. Then drain off the water, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and half a cupful of cream. Season them palatably with white pepper and salt; let them boil once and then serve.

Chicken Cream Sandwiches.—Mix a cupful of white chicken meat and celery, chopped very fine, with a cupful of milk. Add a boiled onion, mashed, and thicken with two teaspoonfuls of corn starch. It must be quite thick. When cooked and boiling stir carefully into it the whites of two eggs beaten very stiff; salt to taste. Place in a bain marie; do not allow to boil. Stir in the juice of half a lemon and a teaspoonful of butter. Mold the day before; cut into slices and place between thin slices of buttered bread.

Old-Fashioned Loaf Cake.—One pound of butter, two and a half pounds of flour, seven eggs, slightly beaten, half a pint of yeast, and half pint of wine. Beat these all together, and knead stiff like dough. Let it rise over night. In the morning add one and a quarter of a pound of raisins, which have been soaked in half a gill of brandy, half a gill of rosewater, and one and a quarter pounds of sugar, and one ounce of cinnamon; work well. Put into pans, let it rise, and bake.

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pain around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL
SUMMER COMPLAINTS.
DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief, placed over the stomach or bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms
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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles.

Sick Headache,
Female Complaints,
Biliousness,
Indigestion,
Dyspepsia,
Constipation
And all Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. A BOX. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

A Bootlace.

BY T. B.

I SUPPOSE you have had a great many interesting experiences? I remarked to an ex-detective, now a great friend of mine.

Yes, he replied, I may say that I have solved a few mysterious cases in my time. There was one in particular which puzzled me tremendously, and was so clever a dodge as to seem almost incredible.

It was at a little village in Yorkshire; there had been a murder, with extensive robbery. I was wired for, and hastened to attend with all promptitude.

I was cordially welcomed by the local inspector, who informed me that they had arrested a man on suspicion, and that the evidence was very black against him. He then related all the particulars of the case to me, which were as follows:

The murdered man was a very eccentric character, aged about 50. With the exception of an extremely old man, who waited on him, he lived alone, being a confirmed woman-hater.

"The old man," I burst in, "have you arrested him?"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders. "He is 80 years of age; it is not possible for him to kill a man in his prime; besides, there are signs of a severe struggle. No, we have not arrested him."

"How long has he been in the murdered man's service?"

"About a year and a half."

"Thank you." I jotted that down. "Pray continue." He did so.

"We know nothing more about him except that he was reputed wonderfully rich. On the morning his old servant, as was his usual custom, took his master some hot water.

"He knocked twice, but finding there was no response opened the door, intending to stand the jug inside. An awful sight met his eyes. On the floor lay his master stone dead, while everywhere were signs of a severe and protracted struggle. Chairs, tables, boxes, everything was topsy-turvy."

"One moment," I broke in. "Does it not seem strange to you that the old man should have slept through it all?"

"Not at all. He is as deaf as a post; besides, their rooms are far apart. But to continue. The old man communicated with us and I wired for you. I carefully searched the grounds.

"In the library there was a rather superior looking man of the mechanic class. He was lying unconscious. On the table stood a decanter of wine. 'Hallos, my man,' thought I, 'what does this mean?' We raised him up and examined him.

"On the back of his head was a terrific bruise, most likely where he had fallen. He showed no signs of returning consciousness, and I sent for the old man. I told him how matters stood, and the old chap shouted out, 'He's been at the wine; master always kept a decanter of drugged wine on this table.'

"There was nothing to be got out of him yet, though, so I went and examined the garden. I found footprints leading to a window which had been forced, and closely examined them. Then I went back and measured the arrested man's boots; they corresponded exactly with the footprints. That's my case; what do you think of it?"

"Well, I admitted, "it seems very strong against the suspected man. Still, I cannot understand him drinking wine after committing murder."

"Well, you see," said the inspector, "one glass is enough to drug a man for hours."

"I see," I replied, "that alters the case. By-the-bye, does he plead innocent or guilty?"

"Innocent. He has some faked story about having a blow on the head, and remembering nothing more."

"Ah," I said, "you never know in such a case as this what's true or not true; however, we shall see. I should like to have an interview with the arrested man."

Fortunately I was allowed to go and examine him and form my own opinion. I found him an ordinary type of the better-class British workman.

Somehow the moment I set eyes on him I felt sure he was innocent. I explained who I was to him, and that if he was innocent it would be my endeavor to prove it. He swore that he had no knowledge of the crime or of how he entered the room.

"Well," I said, "you must tell me everything you know. I shall possibly be able to arrive at some conclusion."

"I know but very little, sir. I was walking along the road in front of the house, when, without a second's warning, I received a severe blow on the head. I remember nothing more."

"Were you quite sober?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I had only one pint of beer."

"What seems strange to me," I said, "is the fact of your footprints right across the garden."

"My footprints, sir! What do you mean?"

I told him that he had been traced over the garden, and he looked rather perplexed; then he took down his boots and blurted out:

"Sir, some one has taken my boots off and put them on differently."

"How?" I said.

"I tied them in a bow—now they are in a hurried knot. See!"—and he held them up for my inspection. He was quite right; they were tied in a knot, as he said.

"Are you sure you tied them differently?" I inquired.

"Positive. I could swear it in a law court."

I put that down in my notebook; it was one point in his favor. Another thing that impressed me was, where could he have put the stolen property if he had fallen suddenly after partaking of the drugged wine? The spoil ought to have been in that room. It was not for I had examined it.

All this time the man had been silently engaged thinking, now he said: "Look here, sir. In front of the house the grass is rather long. I was walking on it at the time, and when I received the blow I was right in front of the gate.

"You examine that grass and see if there are any signs of a fall on the grass, or if anyone has been dragged along it, for I feel sure that I was carried from that spot into the house."

"I will go and examine it," I said, much struck by his intelligence, "and now goodby for the present and don't get down-hearted."

"Goodby, sir: God bless you," he cried, and then I left him and wended my way toward the house.

On the way I met the inspector, who inquired if I had learned anything.

"Yes," I replied. "A good deal. I think I can almost prove the arrested man's innocence."

He looked rather disappointed, but did not ask for any particulars. I believe he thought I was mad. I reached the front of the house and carefully searched the grass. Soon I found a place where it looked disarranged, and, getting out my lens, I carefully examined it.

Yes, there was the mark of the fallen man; a little farther back was the mark of another man, who had evidently stood there some time. But search as I would, there were no signs of any one being dragged along. But stay, I suddenly alighted on a deep footprint, then another, and another right up to the gate, then across the garden, till they ended close by the forced window.

Suddenly an idea struck me: the footprints seemed very deep. I made one or two beside them, mine were not nearly so deep. What did this point to? The maker of them had been heavily laden. There could be no doubt of it, the villain had taken off his own shoes and put on those of the arrested man.

He had carried him across the garden and thrown him through the window unconscious, pouring a glass of the drugged wine down his throat, then he had robbed the dead man and departed. But there were a few queries unanswered:

First—How did he know the wine was drugged?

Second—How was it there were no signs of his departure?

Third—How could he carry the valuables away, for I had been informed they were very heavy? In my own mind I had proved one man's innocence, but a harder task lay before me; to prove another's guilt.

Search as I might, I could find no more traces, and the matter became more puzzling. The burglar seemed either to have flown away, or to be still in the house.

This feeling was augmented later on, when I went to the nearest station and inquired if any strangers had been about. To my surprise they positively affirmed that I was the only stranger that had come or gone for the last few days.

The next station was some ten miles off; it was not likely they would have carried their spoils that distance. When I reached my lodging and thought the matter over, there was only one possible conclusion.

The murderer must be still in the village, and some of the stolen property must be still hidden in the house or grounds, and in the evening I determined to watch the house, for there I was convinced lay the key of the mystery.

About 10 o'clock I cautiously crept into the garden and scaled a tree which stood in a direct line with the old man's bedroom.

I have been in a few strange positions, but never in such a one as that before or since. For there I sat perched in that tree for two mortal hours, in the most uncomfortable of positions, and nothing occurred.

Presently I saw the light in one of the bottom rooms go out, and soon after the old man himself came up to bed. First he very carefully drew his window curtains together, which shut me out from all view.

But I meant to see somehow, and noticing that the ends were left uncovered, I cautiously descended from my perch, and after taking off my boots, began to climb up the creeper which covered the house, and was as thick as a man's wrist in some places.

My heart beat violently as I neared his window; the stem of the creeper was getting thinner, and one false step might ruin all, but I reached it at last, and, by bending under the window, had a fine view.

The first thing that surprised me was that he had not begun to undress; but a greater was in store, for after walking across the room and locking the door, he touched a board in the wall—which was of panelled oak—and it sprang open, revealing a small, secret chamber. It might have been Aladdin's Cave, for it glittered and shone, even in that pale light. It contained the stolen property!

What happened during the next few minutes I cannot tell, my brain was too dazed to observe. All I could think of was, the old man had the stolen property. When next I looked, he was packing the things into parcels, wrapped in rags and old paper, so that they looked like rubbish.

As I watched him, I observed that he no longer painfully hobbled about, but rather flew over the floor in his joy. Soon they were all wrapped up, and the secret panel was slid noiselessly into its place. I watched with great interest for the next development, but I am bound to admit that it almost staggered me.

The old man fumbled about his beard for some time, when it suddenly fell off, revealing the face of a man about 40, then the wig followed suit, and the metamorphosis was complete. It was a young man in disguise. The mystery was solved. Soon after he extinguished his candle, and I went to my lodgings to ponder over the strange case.

In the morning we arrested him, to his great surprise, but after having his beard and wig removed he was too astounded to lie, and confessed his guilt. Needless to say, the suspected man was released at once.

THEY SLIDE FIFTY MILES.

What would the people in the Eastern and Northern States, writes the Chicago Tribune, who find delight in coasting hills a quarter or a half mile long cold days, or who go into ecstasy at shooting down a toboggan slide, say to a ride a la toboggan down a slide fifty miles long? There are several places in California where such an experience may be had.

The ride is not only an uninterrupted constant slide for forty to fifty miles from start to finish, but it is as thrilling, risky and rapid as any one may wish. Think of riding in small craft in a great trough from 30 to 100 feet in the air from a lofty mountain crest down through forests, across canons, around precipices and crags, over cattle ranches, orchards and vineyards and amid very picturesque scenery.

All the flumes are V shaped, and the water flowing through is a yard deep at the deepest part. When in operation the flume is gorged for a week at a time with lumber, which is fished out at the valley terminus of the flume and sorted and piled ready for use.

The longest flume is in Northern California. It is sixty four miles long and cost $430,000, where the lumber is cheap. A new lumber flume was recently finished in Fresno county.

It is with this flume that this story deals. It leads from the immense pine forests on the mountains, 7000 feet above sea level, down into the San Joaquin Valley, at the little town of Collis, near Fresno.

In other words, the flume starts amid the perpetual snows and ice of the Sierra and terminates amid raisin vineyards and apricot orchards of the semi-tropic San Joaquin. Stephenson creek, in the mountains, supplies the flume with water.

The first ride down the new flume from start to finish was made a few days ago. Many persons had passed over different parts of the distance as the flume was being built, but none made the whole distance without stopping.

The passenger does not realize just how he gets into the boat nor how he makes the start. It is all over before he has time to think.

He has an ungovernable desire to clutch at things, but before he can do so he is gone, and the speed makes him catch his breath, and that is all he can do.

The start has been made, and it might be a race to the finish. If one should attempt to stop when the speed is so great it would result in something serious.

Even if he should see a broken place ahead of him, where the flume had gone over a precipice, he would not stop, but must run into it and take the consequences. Such a mishap is not likely, but is possible.

After a four miles' run the boat suddenly emerges from a forest of pines and fir, and the passengers in the boat experience the feeling of a person in a balloon, when the world seems to drop away from under him.

The flume runs out over a high trestle, and at first glance nothing is visible underneath. There seems to be nothing but unfathomable space.

This is near the turn around the point of Stephenson Mountain, and the vast abyss beneath, which seemed bottomless, is the canon of the San Joaquin river, down just how far beneath would be hard to guess. It looks not less than 3,000 feet; it may be less.

But by leaning over as the boat hurries by one can catch a momentary view of the white foam of the river of the canon. Not a sound is heard. The plunging of the river over sunken rocks that fret its channel cannot send even a murmur up the summit of the cliff, from which the passenger in the flume boat looks down as he hurries on.

Nearly everywhere in sight the canon is dark at that hour of the morning, but at two or three places the sunlight pours through gateways in the cliffs, and the beams fall on foaming floods, silent in the distance, and gild the blackness of granite cliffs which hang like walls 1000 feet above the water.

Although the roughest parts of the mountains are left behind after the head of Dry creek is reached, the flume has still some of its steepest grades below that point. The decline is not uniform, varying from a hardly perceptible grade to as much as one foot in eight.

Down the steepest places the boat rushes, at a speed which approaches very nearly the limit of safety. Within five or six miles further the flume sweeps round the brink of a high, bold granite cliff, and two miles away and 2,000 feet below the little village of Toll House bursts into view.

Green fields surround it, even in winter, but it has a forsaken appearance, for its days of prosperity are numbered. It was for thirty years a stopping place for teamsters hauling lumber from the mountains, but the flume will bring lumber down hereafter, and the teams will never return. Such is the life and death of towns. When the flume has passed Toll House it has entered the foothills, and the excitement is over.

The way leads for twenty miles down a narrow valley, and the passengers in the boat have nothing to alarm them, as they glide along so smoothly and peacefully that, if they shut their eyes, they would probably fall asleep. The speed grows less and less as the plains are approached, and now and then vineyards or an orange orchard are seen standing in pleasing contrast with the ice and winter coldness of the mountains now 4000 feet above. Before the end is reached the flume boat passes over fine vineyards, in which, even so late in the season as December, large quantities of grapes load the vines.

The Republic's Free Diamonds.

The finds on the Cape May diamond fields continue to be large and valuable. The Cape May jewelers are very moderate in their charge for cutting the stones, their prices running from as low as twenty-five cents up to $1 25. The steamer Republic lands directly on old Diamond Beach, and every passenger may get a diamond for the trouble of picking it up. In addition to offering a dazzler the agreeable round trip offers a splendid day's outing with plenty of free theatricals and other entertainments as well as dancing. Then again as additional gratuitous attractions are the clam bakes on Mondays, the Breakwater trips on Wednesdays and the ocean voyage on Fridays. The fare for the round trip is only $1, children half price. The steamer Republic leaves Race street wharf for the Cape May diamond fields daily at 7.30 a. m.

Humorous.

"MEN ARE FOUR."

The man who knows not that he knows not aught—
He is a fool; no light shall ever reach him.
Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught—
He is but simple; take thou him and teach him.
But whoso, knowing, knows not that he knows—
He is asleep; go thou to him and wake him.
The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows;
Cleave thou to him, and nevermore forsake him.

"I'm getting fat," as the thief said when he was stealing lard.

Innocence is like an umbrella—when once we have lost it, we must never hope to see it back again.

An editor in Illinois gives notice that "there will be no paper this week," as his wife is using the scissors!

A lady must think she has something valuable in her head if we may judge from the number of locks she keeps upon it.

Husband: Mary, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done.

Wife: Well, finish it then, my dear.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." A very doubtful adage. We notice in a country paper the marriage of Mr. Rollingstone to Miss Ophelia Moss.

A negress, speaking of one of her children, said of one who was lighter colored than the rest, "I nebber could bear dat 'ar brat, kase he show dirt so easy."

Clara: Does your intended know that you wear false teeth?

Ella: I intend breaking it gently to him; I have already owned to one.

"Madam, a good many persons were very much disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby."

"Well, I do wonder such people will go to concerts!"

Elder: Why, Jock, I heard that ye were drowned.

Jock: Na, that wasna me; it was ma brither.

Elder: Eh, mon, what a pity; what a most awfu' pity.

"Do you think that young man of yours is really serious?" asked the anxious mother.

"Don't worry about that, please," said the lovely girl; "I am, and that's quite enough to settle the business."

It is an old and true saying, that a man should not marry unless he can support a wife; and, from examples we have seen, we are beginning to doubt seriously whether a woman can prudently marry unless she can support a husband.

A youth, after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his inamorata, said, "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clearer."

"Suppose you pop it!" whispered the blushing damsel.

Young bride, pouting: Here we have only been married two days, Clarence, and you're scolding me already!

Husband: I know, my dear; but just think how long I have been waiting for the chance.

Absent-minded party: Why, how do you do, Barber? How's your wife?

Barber: My wife? Why, my dear doctor, I never married.

Absent-minded Party: Really! Congratulate her for me.

Mistress: Bridget, I understand you have been seen several times listening at the parlor door.

Slavey: Sure, mom, and ts's myself would scorn the action, but whin I put my ear to the keyhole I can't help overhearing.

Aunt: Oscar, what dress did your mother put on to go to the ball?

Oscar: A long, white, short dress.

Aunt: Nonsense; it cannot have been both long and short.

Oscar: Yes, auntie, it was long at the bottom and short at the top.

A young lady explained to her admirer the other day the distinction between printing and publishing; and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said to him:

"You may print a kiss upon my cheek, but take care you do not publish it."

Home-seeker: Seems to me this house isn't very well built. The floor shakes when we walk.

Agent: Um—y-e-s; that's the new kind of spring floor, for dancing, you know.

Home-seeker: And these stairs creak terribly.

Agent: Y-e-s; we furnish this new-patent burglar alarm stairway without extra charge.

Schoolmaster: Joseph, when your father hangs up four hams to the rafters and afterward sends one to your master, how many are there left?

Joseph: Three sir.

Master: Quite right. Now be sure you mention this example to your father, just to show him how well you are getting on in your sums.

THE SENSES OF ANIMALS.—Sir John Lubbock once delivered an interesting address to the members of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on "The Senses and Senses of Animals."

He said one would gratefully admit that the dog was a loyal and true and affectionate friend, but when we came to consider the nature of the animal our knowledge was very limited. That arose a good deal from the fact that people had tried rather to teach animals than to learn from them.

It had occurred to him that some such method as that which was followed in the case of deaf mutes might prove instructive if adapted to the case of dogs.

He had tried with a black poodle belonging to himself. He then went on to relate several experiments he had made with pieces of cardboard with different words marked upon them.

He had taken two pieces of card, one blank and the other with the word "food" upon it. He had put the latter on a saucer containing some bread and milk and the blank card he put on an empty saucer.

The dog was not allowed to eat until it brought the proper card to him. This experiment was repeated over and over again, and in about ten days the dogs began to distinguish the card with the letters on it from the plain card.

It took a longer time to make the dog realize the difference between different words. In order to try and discover whether the dog could distinguish colors, he prepared six cards, marking two of them blue, two yellow, and two orange.

He put one of each on the floor, and tried to get the dog to bring to him a card with the same color as one which he showed the dog in his hand. After trying this for three months, he found that his experiment in this direction was a failure.

He had always felt a great longing to know how the world appeared to the lower animals. It was still a doubtful point whether ants were able to hear. From experiments which he had made, he had come to the conclusion that they had not the power of addressing each other.

His impression, on the whole, was that bees and ants were not deaf, but that they heard sounds so shrill as to be beyond our hearing. There was no doubt about insects seeing.

He related several experiments he had made with the view of discovering whether different insects could distinguish different colors and had any preference for particular colors.

The colors of objects produce upon insects an impression very different from that produced on human beings. The world to them might be full of music which we could not hear, colors which we could not see, and sensations which we could not feel.

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Twenty Medals and Diplomas were taken by makers of the raw materials used by me in constructing the Crown.
The Crown is the only Piano which contains the Wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier, the greatest invention of the age and by the use of which you can imitate perfectly the Harp, Zither, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Clavicord, Dulcimer, Spinet, Harpsichord, Music Box, Autoharp, Bag Pipe, Etc.
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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold as Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.
Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.
Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.
MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 25, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.
NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.
A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.
TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do no know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.
Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.
Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by
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Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Black Diamond Express	daily 9.00 a m	
For Buffalo, (Parlor Car)	Week-days, 12.30 p m	
Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars,	daily, 6.34 p m	
	daily, 9.45 p m	

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 6.10, 7.35, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.05, 4.05, 5.00, 6.10, 7.30, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—6.10, 8.00, 9.30, 10.10, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.35, 6.15, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 8.35, 7.39, 10.08, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.03, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 8.35, 10.32, a m, 12.14, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 5.00, 6.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.05, 8.30, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.51, 7.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.25 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.51, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.31, 4.05, 6.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 6.34 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.34 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 2.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 5.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.30, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.32, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1530 Chestnut street, 989 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

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No greater attraction has ever been presented to the Philadelphia public than the

Marvelous Electric Fountain

which is exhibited FREE OF CHARGE every afternoon and evening. This fountain cost $75,000 and is the most magnificent one in the world. It plays at 2.45, 7.45 and 8.30 P. M. The full spectacular display is given at the latter hour.

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Boats from Arch and South Sts. Wharves, direct to the Park, every 15 minutes from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M. Boats from Otis Street Wharf, Kensington, daily, at 10 A. M., 12 noon, 2, 4, 6 and 8 P. M.

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